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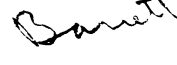

THE

# SETTING SUN;

OR,

## DEVIL AMONGST THE PLACEMEN.

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# SETTING SUN;

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## DEVIL AMONGST THE PLACEMEN.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

## *A NEW MUSICAL DRAMA;*

BEING A PARODY ON

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA,

AS LATELY ACTED, WITH UNIVERSAL ECLAT, AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, GLYEETER PLACE;

WITH

*HINTS FOR A MASQUERADE JUBILEE,*

ON A GRAND SCALE.

BY CERVANTES HOGG, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"Like thieves, surpris'd whilst they divide the prize,
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies."

D'AVENANT.

VOL. II.

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# SETTING SUN.

"——— And but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier."

SHAKESPEAR.

MONSIEUR ST. PIERRE, in his *Etudes de la Nature*, tells us that, some years ago, happening to pass through l'Aigle, a small town in Normandy, he strolled out about sun-set, to enjoy a little fresh air. He perceived, on a rising ground, a convent most delightfully situated. A monk, who stood porter, invited him in to see the house. He conducted him through an immense court, in which the first thing that struck his eye was a man about forty years old, with half a hat on his head, who advanced directly upon him, saying,

"Be so good as to stab me to the heart! be so good as to stab me to the heart!"—The monk, who was St. Pierre's guide, said to him, "Sir, don't be alarmed: *he is a poor captain, who lost his reason, on account of an un-military preference that passed upon him in his regiment.*"—Happily, the British officers have less sensibility, or stronger nerves, or all the receptacles for lunatics in the united kingdom, both public and private, would not have contained the military maniacs. Lord Burghersh's promotion alone would have set nearly a thousand of them raving mad.

The story of *Ilnafac*, one of the bravos of *Captain Raggado*, mentioned in the Arabian Tales, may not be so improbable a fiction: He is said to have carried a small purse of the size of an egg, which, on occasion, he could swell with his breath to such a size, that it might lodge all the pilgrims to Mecca, with their guard. And why not, as well as a *lady's petticoat cover the whole British army!*—nay, and an archbishop, bishops,

deans, prebends, rectors, vicars, (curates are as much out of the question as hack-horses) besides some hundreds of civil officers and sinecure men! "*Think of that, Master Brook!*"—As *Filch* (in the Beggar's Opera) chaunts it;—

"'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.

For her like wolves by night we roam for prey,
And practice ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms."

When Gil Blas was high in favour with the duke of Lerma, prime minister of Spain, he is depicted by Le Sage as overwhelmed at once with joy, honor, and distress, playing the man of consequence by day, in the duke's hotel, and at night creeping up into his garret, his importance vanished, and nothing remaining but poor Gil Blas, without money, and, which was worse, without any thing

that could fetch it. At last, he finds an opportunity of ingeniously bringing the duke acquainted with his distress, who presents him with a *treasury order* for fifteen hundred ducats, promises a similar sum annually, and adds—"*Besides, when people of wealth and generosity solicit your interest, I do not forbid you to speak in their behalf.*" —*Scipio*, the *favorite's valet*, is set to work, and the first job, a royal pardon, produced only one hundred pistoles, but they were then novices at the trade. Scipio, the man of intrigue, received ten pistoles for his right of brokerage. Small as was the account, it served to whet their appetite, and Gil Blas rises gradually to *governments*; when the minister comes to the *eclaircissement*, by demanding half the profits of such considerable favors. There was now no bounds to the favorite's rapacity, being thus partner with the *great man;* and, not content with making governors, he confers *orders of knighthood*, and converts some good plebeians into bad gentlemen, by virtue of *hocus*

*pocus*, letters patent. He was also desirous to extend his benevolence towards the *clergy*, and bestowed small benefices, canonships, and some inferior ecclesiastical dignities; but the bishoprics and archbishoprics were all in the gift of a rival secretary, whence it was evident enough that the great places were no better filled than the small ones; for the persons chosen to occupy the posts, of which they made such *honorable* traffic, were not always the best qualified, not the most regular. These traders knew very well that the wits of *Madrid* made themselves merry at their expence; but they resembled those sordid wretches who console themselves for the *public scorn* with the sight of their gold.

Now, did Mrs. Clarke tear a leaf out of Le Sage's book, or have the eyes of all persons in power the same squinting propensity towards corruption? However that might be, it is certain that Colonel Wardle's inquiries have proved the existence of the baneful season predicted by the poet, all but the two last lines, which, we hope in God, and in

the soundness of the people at the core, will never take place:—

"At length corruption, like a general flood,
Let loose by ministers, a baneful brood,
Shall deluge all; and av'rice, creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun.
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box:
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms."

When we have heard how the officers of the British army have been packed together, knaves uppermost, we can only admire that a veneration in the soldiery for those officers, who, through experience and a regular gradation of rank, were worthy to command them, should have been always able to maintain any thing like subordination. Mechanical as is every action of a soldier, he resumes his eyes and senses when off parade, and some of them, too, can discern between a *soldier* and a *sleeve-creeper*. Nay, the awk-

ward squad, mere clowns have had a hit at some of our linsey-woolsey officers: A fellow offered himself as a recruit, and was put under the standard by the officer, who was so diminutive as to be obliged to mount a stool to see the mark; upon a view of which he told the soldier he wanted an inch, and would not do. "*Not do for a soldier!*" exclaimed the bumkin with a stare—"*Why then make me an officer;—I see any thing does for that.*"——The newspapers contained the following extract:—"Sir John Moore has sent from the army which he commands, one officer of very high rank, and two officers of very superior rank, on account of incapacity and unfitness to command."—Were these men fit to have been entrusted with a command in actual service, and the lives of an army? The thousands slaughtered through ignorance of these pretenders, will rise against them, and make a hotter day for them than ever they blundered through upon earth.

Oh, Wardle! sweep me away such jackadandies from the face of the earth—at least,

from the leaves of the *Red Book*, in which let *red coat* merit resume its proper rank. Thy mausoleum will then be in the hearts of the British army, and thy praises hang on the tongue of veterans!—Let it no longer be the first question put to a boy, on his first entrance into a mess-room in a red coat—"Well, through what wh——'s interest did you get in?" The ladies must be ever entitled to the *gallantry* of regimental officers, but it is totally out of their province to have any share in the *nomination* of them; for—

"Fools oft'ner than the wise please womankind."

# OUT OF LUCK.

In a coffee-house, lounging away a dull hour,
('Twas just three by the clock, and the dinner time four)
*Ned Splash* and *Dick Dash*, near the window took seat,
And sat *quizzing* the *natives*—to them a high treat;
Cries Ned: "Is not he that's so dashingly fine,
"*Tom Tattle*, with whom we so frequently dine?
"'Tis he, but he always looked *seedy* before,
"Must have ta'en to the road, or some good-natur'd
w——e."
"A good scent," replies Dick, "and youv'e run it breast
high,
"Tom's sister has got a good leg, and black eye;
"The —— — —— keeps her, and she by her *face*,
"Has fix'd Tom for life in a lucrative place."
"What luck!" cries out Ned, "thro' a female relation,
"To hop into such a genteel situation!
"My mother, my aunt, and my sister, all three,
"Are w——s, but one *motion* ne'er made for poor me."

"Of old, ere things were grown so cursed dear,
A king could keep a fool and minister;
But such, at present, is the thrifty rule,
One person serves for minister and fool."

ANON.

The following MINISTERIAL MEMORANDA were picked up in Downing-street, supposed to have been blown out of some window.

*Proceedings, Anno 48th, Regis* ———.

As a preface has lately become as common to an administration as to a book, in imitation of the DOCTOR'S humbug story of *Moderation and Good Faith*, and the still more humbug one of the *Broad-Bottomed* and *All the Talents*, assumed the title of THE MEN OF ENERGY. To appear to act up to our style, ran about like young lawyers in Westminster Hall on first day of term, with full bags and

empty heads.—Endeavoured to bring the late ministry within the penalties of *præmunire*, for attempting to revive the authority of the Church of Rome within these realms; but the public jury having seen enough of "*No Popery*," in Lord George Gordon's days, and rightly considering it only as an electioneering squib, we only roused the general indignation against ourselves, and burned our own fingers.—Suffered a *non pros.*—

Must do somewhat not to appear mere *plodders*, so made a great bustle at, or in a certain part or port of his majesty's dominions, commonly called, or known by the name of *Yarmouth*, and elsewhere, whence sent out a large *posse comitatus*, (armed with guns, bayonets, swords, sticks, staves, clubs, and other weapons) which did violently and unlawfully, *vi et armis*, *assault* a certain prince or potentate, styled the king of Denmark, and divers others, his subjects, and servants, killing, wounding, and maiming them; and did then and there, to wit, at Copenhagen, in the island of Zealand, for-

cibly *eject* the said king out of his *freehold* and *inheritance*, contrary to the form of the law of nations in that case made and provided.

*Mem.*—A lawyer, like a soldier of fortune, never troubles his head about the justice of his cause.

(☞ No cause of action, but might overcomes right, in other places besides Westminster Hall, so pleaded—*coram non judice!*)

Levied under a writ of *fi. fa.* (or, as the Danes, Dutch, French, Russians, &c. will have it, feloniously stole and carried off) divers ships, goods, wares, merchandizes, chattels, and effects, belonging to the said king of Denmark and his subjects, and converted the same to our own use, contrary to the form, &c.

(☞ No *precedent* of such a proceeding; so put off with a sham plea of *damnum absque injuriâ!*)

The emperor of Russia (our former ally), so disgusted at this *pettifogging* mode of practice against the king of Denmark, (our

old and faithful ally) that, not content with *withdrawing a juror* in his *joint action* against the emperor of France, he *filed a declaration* of *war* against us, and our only remaining ally, the king of Sweden. He accordingly sends out *officers* with a *declaration* of *ejectment* against Finland, (a part of Swedish dominions) and we being called upon to join as *defendant*, and prevent the Swedes from being *turned out* of *possession*, send out *posse comitatus* to Baltic, which was only useless parade, as they made no efforts to prevent their ally from being forcibly *ousted* from Stralsund and all Pomerania, as was shortly the case.

(☞ Referred Sweden to a writ of right, *quare ejecit infra terminum.)*

Swedes hard pushed by Russians in Finland; send out farther *posse comitatus*; but news arriving that the Spaniards had raised a *hue* and *cry* against Napoleon Buonaparté, for having feloniously stolen away their crown, as he had before filched that of Por-

tugal, resolve to withdraw *posse* from Sw
den, and send them to the assistance of Spa
and Portugal. Accordingly, tip the wink
the *headborough*, Sir John Moore; wh
taking advantage of some unguarded e
pressions of a hot-headed prince, steals aw
home.

The *posse* follow their leader, and are se
off to Spain and Portugal; by the forme
they are refused admittance, she not bei
willing to lay herself under such a vast lo
of obligation to us, until France had di
pelled her false delicacy. The latter receiv
us with open arms; we apprehend the *felon*
but suffer them to depart with all their stol
goods, and even find conveyances for them
(☞ Vide Blacks. Com. V. 4. p. 133, tit
'*Theftbote*:'—"*latroni eum similem habu*
*qui furtum celare vellet, et occulte si*
*judice compositionem ejus admittere*:"—*T*
*healer is as bad as the stealer.*)

The corporation of London, *presuming*
address a certain great personage on the di

graceful convention of Cintra in Portugal, served them at once with an *attachment* of *contempt!*—

"———O most monstrous arrogance!
Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skain of thread:
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st."

SHAKESPEAR.

Many cavillers have pretended that we were so ignorant of geography, and topography, that we laid the *venue* in wrong places, and sent the *posse* where they could not act; but, as it is beneficial to fish in troubled waters, that is, to prolong litigations, entered *nolle prosequi*, and began *de novo*.—Made some sad blunders in the Spanish cause; owing to want of sufficient evidence, drew in Sir John Moore to a non-suit, and, but for his own clever proceedings, should have totally ruined him.—Cost the poor gentleman

his life however; but then *our ignorance* was the cause of *his immortality*, and "*dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*"

*Wardle* v. *York.*—This was a sad case.—Were obliged to stand up at once judge and jury, and fritter the whole charges away by a majority, chiefly composed of treasury hangers-on.

N. B. Public grumbled sadly, but we are the king's ministry, not theirs, and cannot expect our *liveries* and *board-wages* for nothing.

*Hamilton* v. *Castlereagh.*—For a little tampering with the constitution.—Bad case arising out of the preceding one; but got off defendant for a slight censure, which could scarcely raise a blush on his copper complexion.

*Ord* v. *Dutch Commissioners.*—Suspicion of peculation.—Dexterously put it over the *long vacation* to gain time, and stop up gaps, as well as the public mouth.

*Maddocks* v. *Perceval—Castlereagh—Wellesley*, &c.—Worse than all!—But luckily, Windham, Cartwright, Tierney, and all the *grex* of those, who either enjoyed, or hoped to enjoy, the sunshine of the treasury, opened their lungs together against reform, as dangerous—impolitic—and destructive; as arising out of theory, and not out of practice, (Heaven forbid such practice should obtain, while we are denominated the *Ins!*) and if we could not convince, we made noise enough to stun the people into a belief that we ourselves were convinced of the truth of our declarations.

N. B. *Pejor causa, melior facies.*

*Shipley* v. *Burghersh*, for Military, or rather Un-military Jobbing. Palmer's claims.

Two *verdicts* against *us*.—Court grows rather too hot for us—must find some ventilators, or shall never be able to stand it long.

*Mem.*—Prorogue it, and in the mean time

endeavour to allay the dust and heat, and cool, with some elixir of *aurum publicum*, these—

"*Plebicolæ, omnesque auræ popularis captatores.*"—

*Popular men, and lost of mob-ear-catchers.*

*Mem.*—To persevere in behaving towards the United States with *more* or *less* moderation, according to the thermometer of our *fears* or *hopes*. Insolence in prosperity, and abjectness in adversity, may be signs of meanness of soul, according to the rules of common life, but not of politics. If wrong, throw all the blame upon Erskine.—

"*Fallacia alia aliam trudit.*"—

*Trick upon trick.*

Here end the *memoranda* of these ministerial tricksters, or state quacks, from which we may collect, that a long reach and little conscience are as necessary to a minister of state, as a long hand and little fingers are to a man-midwife. The office itself confers the

former upon them, and power as naturally deadens the latter, as water quenches fire. We may infer also, that a little previous information, and some small share of knowledge of mankind, and talent for governing them, according to their different characters, are necessary to qualify a man for assuming the reins of government, and prevent him from drawing down destruction upon the people, and ignominy and execrations upon himself, by overturning the state-coach. But no—this *liberal* age have determined it to be otherwise, and we have had a *dancing-boy-driver;* and, what is more wonderful, a dancing keeper of the seals:—

> "Full oft within the spacious walls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My *grave lord-keeper* led the brawls,
> The seals and maces danc'd before him."
>
> GRAY.

These were both very pretty *youths* of their age, and have often reminded us of the following anecdote of Dr. Watson, Bishop of

Llandaff, until sleep has become a stranger to our eyes for nights together :—

About the year 1766, the doctor was elected *Public Professor of Chemistry* in the University of Cambridge; *though he was at the time by no means conversant even in the first principles of that science.* The doctor felt his duty to the public, and the necessity there was that he should not appear incompetent to the task which had devolved upon him. He passed whole days, and sometimes nights, in the laboratory, assisted by a practical chemist, whose name was Hoffman. In their first experiment, their success was small; their disappointments numerous. They destroyed various retorts, injured their health, endangered their lives, *actually blew themselves up, and at length did the same by their workshop!*—Our hungry projectors had shewn themselves so eager in their pursuit of the philosopher's stone, that whenever, exhausted with our waking apprehensions for the general safety, we have sunk fatigued into a disquiet slumber, we have often started up,

exclaiming:—"*There they fly! up they go! shop and all!*" At length, as the Catholic priest, Schwartz, was blown up by triturating the ingredients of gunpowder in a mortar, so were our pretenders scattered to the birds in the air, by amalgamating some strong inflammable ingredients to procure a *catholicon*, or universal antidote to the bite of bigots. When the people found that the explosion had done no damage but to the projectors themselves, and that the *workshop* was safe, they heartily enjoyed the joke of the flying alchymists, who had ever been deemed too *broad-bottomed* to dread cutting such capers in the air, even should a gunpowder plot be played off under them. But it was only as boys fight—*one down, and the other come on;* for the *Catholic* were succeeded by the *No Popery* men, and to whatever tune they dance, John Bull knows that he must pay the piper.

Fortunately it has fared with us hitherto, as with some stage-coach passengers, when the driver having fallen asleep, or being

intoxicated, the coach has been dashed to pieces, but luckily no necks broken. Our luggage and property is lost, destroyed or scattered about the roads, but we live, and it is not so bad as it might have been. But who the devil would give the fellow of a driver any praise for this? Who, if they were bound to continue their journey, would not desire the proprietors of the coach to be careful to furnish them with a more experienced, or careful driver? *Tom Brown* writes in his time, that a man did not attain to the top of preferment in an instant; but that in one house a young member generally was initiated by moving for the bringing in of candles, and in the other for the snuffing them. But now pop, slap-dash, out he comes upon us with a speech of three or four hours long, which it is a hundred to one but he has got by rote through a month's previous rehearsal from a friend's manuscript, and he is at once marked down as an acquisition to the ministry, who must be bought at any price. A member is now valued, like

a pair of bellows, for the strength of his blast. He must be able to talk for hours, no matter whether to the purpose or not, and although his hearers know the instant he begins how he will give his vote, whether right or wrong. Knowing with what purity most of these gentlemen have at first acquired their seats; and with what purity of intentions they take them, and what purity they fill them, we often wondered with ourselves how it were possible, in such a state of things as has been lately developed, that the opposing parties could look each other in the face without bursting into a laugh, until we recollected the strangers' gallery might operate as somewhat of a check. Surely to hear so many men gravely pretend to labour for the public good, when their pockets are overflowing with their cash, must require a long and habitual custom; it must be, therefore, that they are so fond of custom, and opposed to, what they term, innovation. Custom keeps its hand in the public purse, innovation is intended to withdraw it; but the term of

innovation, strictly speaking, ought to be applied to their depredations on the public purse and privileges, which are not only not sanctioned by the constitution, but expressly contrary to its tenor and letter. This custom, therefore, ought to be abolished; for, if the custom-mongers will ask Mr. Perceval, or otherwise consult Blackstone, Vol. I. p. 75, they will find that the rules relating to particular customs, regard either the *proof* of their existence, and their *legality* when *proved.* Now, they have buried their customary corruptions as deep as the regions of *Pluto*, and guarded them with *avarice, deception, and influence*, to stifle all *proof* of their existence, until another daring *Hercules* dragged forth their *Cerberus*, vomiting at the sight of day, when their *illegality* was too gross to be palliated. Their plea of *custom* is, therefore, absurd, as Mr. Perceval, or Mr. Blackstone, may also inform them—that, "*Malus usus abolendus est,*" is an established maxim of the law. If a minister can be found daring enough to avow the ex-

istence of most hideous abuses, and yet brave the indignation of a free and brave people, he must be possessed of more courage than honesty, or sense of shame. But past examples have shewn that it is rather foolhardiness than courage to persist in insulting an injured people, who have their *ne plus ultra* as well as their oppressors. They are no longer to be amused according to *custom*, as a mob with the cant of a mountebank, and the leapings, friskings, gambols, and stale jests of tumblers and clowns. They have laughed at the swarm of andrews, stage flyers, and zanies, placed in front of the stage, to stare people out of countenance, and divert their thoughts from their folly, whilst the *quack doctor* has been vigilant in the rear with his wand to silence any clamours which may be raised against their practice, or feats of activity. There must be a little craft in all trades; but *ne quid nimis*;—a joke may cease to be so when carried too far. A certain lecturer on heads tells us of a d——d good *joke* of a blood, who turned a blind horse

into a china shop; but it was a ruinous one and so, in former times, has been found tha of turning a blind minister into a house o commons. He should have his eyes ope (we do not mean to his own interest, and tha of his friends, for that comes of course; but to the interest of the people, as in their pro perity consists the true greatness and solidit of every government.—He should not onl quit all narrow policy himself, but endeavo to inflame the mind of his master with grand view of enlarged and liberal polic extending not only to the present time, but futurity; not only to the happiness of t millions of the present generation, but to t of the millions of millions of their posterity Instead of tricking and shuffling to h himself in place, he should endeavou convince both the king and the people, their affairs cannot be in better hands, a opposition would be vain. A minister king, *only*, lives despised by the peopl is consigned to oblivion; or, what thousand times worse, to perpetual in

a minister of both king and people is adored by all, and handed down to posterity as a benefactor to mankind. It will be needless to say in which class we should place one, who strives to create a difference between a king and his subjects.—Happily, however, as ministers are personally responsible for the bad advice which they may give to kings, we need not stand upon so much ceremony with them. If a minister should persist in going adverse to the wishes of a nation, there is a *legal* remedy in petitioning his master to dismiss him. "'Tis a mortification to a prince," says Tom Brown, "to see an old minister torn from him; but self-preservation is the first law of nature; and any man, in his senses, would sooner submit to part with his crutch than his leg."—Nature has bestowed wealth on Britons; but lest they should become ungovernable, she has intermingled with them the *alloy* of *credulity*, by which every little impostor takes advantage of them, and plunders them for a while. If they chance to resume their good sense, woe to the

impostors; stage, mountebank, tumbl clowns, all go to wreck; like the inside o play-house, when *John Bull* thinks his d nity offended. Farewell then to tro figures, stale jests, quips, puns, and ot quackeries, if they see that the *constitut* has been so long tampered with, as to ren the aid of *regular physicians* absolutely cessary to its existence. The *bubble* burst. Adieu then to *quacks*, and welco *health* and *regular practice*.

## THE BEAR IN OFFICE.

THE lion, old and feeble grown,
Requir'd some aid to prop his throne;
He tried the jackall, but the elf
Cater'd for no one but himself:
The wolf, to glut his rav'nous maw,
Spurn'd with contempt each forest law:
The ouran-outang ap'd the man,
And govern'd on corruption's plan:
The fox was so much us'd to knav'ry,
He deem'd each honest tie a slav'ry:
The monkey was a *petit maitre*,
Of ev'ry dancing fool the creature.
"What can be done?"—the monarch cried.
"Try, try the bear,"—the queen replied:
"He carries wisdom in his looks,
"Besides he must be read in books;
"A lawyer bred, why may not he,
"As well as judge, a premier be?"—
"It shall be so,"—the monarch cries—
"His black fur garb bespeaks him wise,
"If not as such he well may pass,
"My subjects can't think him an ass."—
On Treas'ry-Bench he takes his place,
Dispenser of the royal grace.

Around him flock the cringing train,
In hopes of getting flesh or grain:
The hog, to find himself in porridge,
Lifts to the skies his *legal* knowledge:
Pug praises up his graceful airs,
And gets his apples, nuts, and pears:
Seeing how vain the brute did grow,
The ape e'en styl'd him *brother beau:*
Reynard extols his climbing trees,
And robbing unsuspecting bees;
He gets a fowl: so all in short
Live well that pay to Bruin court.
Fools, knaves, and flatt'rers eat up all,
And the poor king's affairs enthrall;
Whilst modest merit hides its head,
Preferring honor and brown bread.
Nor could the gen'ral discontent
Find in the royal ears a vent.
In vain were delegates appointed
T' approach the throne of the anointed;
Bruin would either scowl or scoff,
Or else with *quibbles* put them off;
Whilst to the king he represented
Such liberties unprecedented;
As factious he describ'd their pray'rs—
The cheated monarch shut his ears.
Bruin his villainy enjoyed;
Liv'd on the best till almost cloy'd;

And had beside his den well stor'd,
Whilst meanly serv'd the royal board.

A day of reckoning must come,
And Bruin chanc'd abroad to roam—
(Which seldom was the case through fear
His deeds should reach the royal ear);
An elephant, as passing by,
Happen'd to strike the monarch's eye.
"How!" quoth the king, "whence comes it then,
"You pass unheeded by our den?
"Whence this neglect?"—"Sire, may it please,
"Your subjects think the royal ease
"Requires retirement, and repose—
"Or so 'tis giv'n them to suppose;
"If they approach, your keeper growls,
"Whilst with complaints the forest howls:
"Your minister"—The ice once broke,
What other subjects thought, he spoke,
Nor matters minc'd:—the monarch foam'd
To find himself alive entomb'd.
The bear was seiz'd, accusers heard,
No friend on his behalf appear'd.
Disgrac'd, his sycophantic crew
From him, as from infection, flew.
Those, whom his pride had overborne,
A thousand-fold return'd his scorn.
Humbled his pride—his senses clear,
He knew himself—*a very bear.*

MORAL.

A wise king ne'er will shut his ears
Against his loyal subjects' pray'rs;
Nor minister abuse his trust,
Lest both be humbled in the dust.

## MORE EXPEDITIONS!

"For all *delays* are dangerous in war.
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
Things, once resolv'd, are ruin'd by *delay*."

DRYDEN.

IT was once reckoned a capital state trick, but it is now grown so stale as to be nosed by every schoolboy, when a minister had committed a most egregious blunder, or had been caught in some dirty peculation, to throw out a tub to the whale; and there have been various expedients used for drawing the indignant people from the right scent. They no sooner began to lay their heads together, and to grow loud in their complaints, than some foreign indignity, offered to our national honor, was trumped up, and then farewell politics, and hey for war! But, if the French, or Spanish, or Dutch, did not happen to be

in the same humour, or under the same pressing necessity for foreign strife as ourselves, or rather our juggling ministers, some domestic wonder—a Mary Canning, or a Cock-Lane ghost—is contrived for the purpose of furnishing the politicians with another subject of conversation. It seldom happened, however, but that a few years interval of peace had rendered both states rather too rich and plethoric, and the people troublesome to their rulers; for which reason princes seldom enjoy peace at home, but when they are fighting abroad. Therefore, the challenge given was soon accepted; the princes were quite happy, as both conquered—in their own country; both shared the booty—of their own subjects; who, though griped to death by the expences, in turns rung the bells, fired *feux de joie*, or chaunted *Te Deum*. This manœuvre is termed by the state quacks, breathing a political vein, and preventing a national inflammation.

It happened most opportunely for the present ministry, that the nation had been,

for upwards of sixteen years past, and still were engaged in a most desperate war, at a time when * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Colonel Wardle, Mr. Maddocks, and a few others, let the cat out of the bag, with a label attached to its neck, whereon were inscribed the words—"*Corruption and peculation in all quarters!*" Nay, they went farther;—they produced *damning proofs* of their existence. The people were all in a roar—not of laughter, but indignation. Something must be done to draw them off the scent, when every effort to leave them at fault had been tried in vain. At last it was determined to have

ANOTHER EXPEDITION,

such as was never seen before! Well, such an one was prepared; but, like all its predecessors, the *expedition* was not *expedited*, until the whole line of the enemies' coasts

was alarmed and prepared for defence, and, in all human probability, its sailing was rendered worse than useless—a sacrifice of thousands of the bravest troops in the world. An *expedition*, however, there must be, as ministers could think of no other *expedient* to replace the bandage, which had been torn from John Bull's eyes; but they could not guess whither they should send it with any probability of success, and to send it to a part where it should miscarry, would be only to make bad worse. No matter;—the expedition would be some time collecting, and they would trust to chance that some lucky card would turn up trumps in their favour on the Continent before it was ready. The trump card was, however, against them. An embargo, which did not occasion a less loss than half a million of money to the mercantile and shipping interest, was laid on, to keep the enemy from any intelligence of what was going on, although they knew it full as well as our ministers themselves. Our own pilots laughed at the idea of secrecy, as

they themselves had sounded and buoyed the mouths of the Scheldt in the face of the enemy, whose cutters had been repeatedly chaced almost from within gun-shot of the expedition.

After the matter had hung during some months in suspense, and the public interest had almost subsided, in expectation that this expedition was going the way of the former ones, a new bustle is made. Earl Spencer and Mr. Canning are going to Woolwich to expedite the embarkation of the stores; nay, they are going to Deal and Ramsgate to expedite it in being put on board the transports, and to hasten the sailing of the expedition. But what must have struck the greatest terror into the hearts of all our enemies, not even excepting Buonaparté himself, was that

SIR WILLIAM CURTIS

was going with it, in his own yacht, mounted

with six brass guns! This must be *bad bread* and *worse biscuit* for our enemies.

We were induced, through a bad state of health, to go to Margate, and thence, through idleness and curiosity, to stroll over to Ramsgate, to take a peep at the expedition. It was on a Sunday. Sir William Curtis's yacht lay at the pier, bedizened all over with colours, and the report of the day was, that he had a large turtle on board, and was going to give a grand dinner.

"O, serve the dinner up,
With many a dish
Of flesh and fish,
And pass the sparkling cup.
Then!—
Pig and custard, cream and mustard,
Ham and jelly, vermicelli!
Orange tartlets, pickled trout,
Roasted beef, and sour krout!
Woodcock potted, dainty snipe,
Giblets stew'd, delicious tripe!
Quaking pudding, flounder pie,
Sussex dumpling, harslet fry!

Calve's head and brains,
Dress'd with much pains,
With ruffs, and rees,
And butter'd peas;
Petit patté, harrico,
Yes to all, and never no;
To ev'ry dish of flesh and fish,
"Tis always yes, and never no."

This would have been no *mal-a-propos* grenadier's march to such a martial entertainment.

It was natural to make some inquiries into the destination and probable success of the armament. Every boy in the street could, we believe, have answered to the former question, and, as to the latter, you were left to draw an inference from being told that—

LORD CHATHAM HAD THE BEST COOK;

but then

SIR WILLIAM CURTIS HAD THE BEST LARDER!

It must be confessed, that we thence began to entertain some hopes of the ultimate success of the expedition, especially when it was said, that the commissariat of provisions had laid in amply, not only for themselves, but for the subalterns and privates; as it has long been a standing jest throughout the Continent, that John Bull cannot fight without plenty of beef; and our countryman, Shakespear, makes the Constable of France say, in Henry V.—"give them (the English soldiers) great meals of beef, and iron, and steel, and they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils." Witnessing the anxiety, and even impatience of both officers and privates to get off, we could not refrain from mentally exclaiming—What a pity, if so fine a *body* of men should be sacrificed abroad, for want of a *head* at home!

*May the God of Battles go before them, and lead them home in safety! Honor they never will lose.*

Let the expedition turn out as it will, Sir

William Curtis (if it please Heaven to spare his life) is sure to be a gainer by it, as he will be able to puzzle *his barber* with angles, bastions, chamade, defiles, epaulements, fosses, gabions, half-moons, intrenchments, kettle-drums, lunettes, mines, and so on through the whole alphabet, more than ever the barber has astounded him with politics. Nay, it is whispered that this laudable emulation and revenge was his principal motive in going; but we attribute his ebullition of courage to the more honorable motive of wishing to join his effort to *knead* his country's enemies into *dough*, *burn up* the whole *batch* of them, and crack them like so many *worm-eaten biscuits*. May he return "*speedily* and *soon*," to take part with his *friend* STRAP in the following

## DUET!

*Barb.* What's a campaign like?

*S. Wm.* ——————— What's it like? Oh, dear!
Why there's no such a sight in London;
'Tis but child's play you see at Bartlemee Fair,

Where only in jest they knock men down:
We'd at Flushing—such a pushing!
Avant-fosse—matross,
Enfilade—ambuscade,
Battery—sortie,
Bombardiers—fusileers,
Fausse braye—cover'd way,
Culverin—fascine,
Centre, flank—rear-rank,
Shells, shot—red hot,
Half-moon—*speedy, soon,*
Retreat—defeat,
Flying,
Sighing,
Crying,
Dying,
Such a rushing and a crushing!
My *oven's mouth* was ne'er so hot—

*Barb.* Don't talk so fast, you're out of breath—

*S. Wm.* We gave 'em such a *batch* of shot—

*Barb.* A *barber* e'en he'd prate to death—

*S. Wm.* I'll leave politics for great guns—

*Barb.* Plague on his tongue, how glib it runs—

*S. Wm.* Then, when victors, the citadel we enter so nic
Sir—

*Barb.* I'll stop his tongue, I'll warrant—

*S. Wm.* ——————— Zounds! what a slice

*Barb.* Your pardon, Sir; your jaws you stir
Such wond'rous things to tell us—

*S. Wm.* I know why 'tis, you've slic'd my phys:
By G—d! the fellow's jealous;
You've had all the talk, but now I'll have my share—

*Barb.* And I'll come prepar'd with cotton in each ear.

CHORUS.

*Both.* { You've had, &c.
And I'll come, &c.

" ———— Now, by my life
Old folks are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, not flatt'ries; when they're seen abus
SHAKESPI

THE right of subjects to petition the th
for redress, is as well established as the r
to the throne itself. In January 1(
Charles II. having prorogued the parlian
from year to year, for not complying
his and his brother's despotic designs
enslave the nation, a spirit of liberty be
to exert itself, and *petitions* were fram
throughout the kingdom, to be presente
the king at the meeting of parliament, on
26th January, according to the last prorc
tion. His majesty's *humbug-advisers* hit u
the wise expedient of issuing out two pro
mations, *strictly charging and command
all and every of his loving subjects, of w*

*rank or degree soever, that they presume not to agitate or promote any such subscriptions, nor in any ways join in any petition, upon pain of the utmost rigour of the law that may be inflicted for the same.*—At the same time his majesty, who, together with his *infernal advisers*, had been for some years before a *pensioner of France*, issued out another proclamation, insulting the people by a declaration of his resolution to prorogue the parliament from the 26th of January to the 11th November.—Notwithstanding these proclamations, the business of *petitioning* was nobly and zealously carried on; many were prepared, and some presented not long after.

On the 13th January, Sir Gilbert Gerard, accompanied by several eminent citizens, presented a *petition* from thousands of his majesty's subjects in London, Westminster, and parts adjacent, humbly praying that the parliament, which was prorogued to the 26th January, might then sit to redress all grievances, *not otherwise to be redressed.* To

which his majesty (who had then a standing army in England, and another in Ireland) *boldly* answered that "*he looked upon himself to be the head of the government, and the only judge of what was fit to be done in such cases.*" Then, turning to Sir Gilbert, he added, that he did not expect to see one of his name, and particularly himself, in such an affair, and that he was sorry for it. A few days after, the famous Thomas Thyn, Esq. accompanied by Sir Walter St. John, and Sir Edward Hungerford, presented a *petition* from Wiltshire to the same effect. The king received them very roughly, and used the following reproachful terms: "You don't come from the county; you come from a *company* of *loose, disaffected people.* What do you take me to be? And what do you take yourselves to be? I admire that gentlemen of your estates should animate people to *mutiny* and *rebellion.*"—Another *petition*, of the like nature, being presented to him the day following by Sir Robert Barrington, Colonel Mildmay, Mr. Honeywood, &c. in

the names of themselves and others of the inhabitants of the county of Essex, the king grew warmer, and told them that he was surprised to see them meddle with matters that immediately concerned the crown and himself; after which he turned his back upon them. To the Berkshire gentlemen, who presented a petition on the same day from their quarter sessions, the king answered in a jocose manner—"*That they would argue that matter over a cup of ale at Windsor, though he wondered that his neighbours would meddle with his business.*"—To intimidate the nation from any further attempts of the kind by a shew of royal resentment, these *weak* and *arbitrary* answers were all inserted in the gazettes; but his majesty had either forgot to think, or had not thought rightly of the construction which a parliament would put upon them. They were no sooner assembled than, notwithstanding what the *corrupt* and *infamous court lawyers* had asserted in their proclamations, and his majesty himself had said, we find it unanimously

resolved by the House of Commons, on the very first day of their meeting—

"*That it is, and ever has been, the undoubted right of the subjects to petition the king for the calling and sitting of parliament, and redressing of grievances. That to traduce such petitioning as violation of duty, and to represent it to his majesty as tumultuous and seditious, is to betray the liberty of the subject, and contributes to the design of subverting the ancient legal constitution of this kingdom, and introducing arbitrary power. And it was ordered to appoint a committee to inquire of such persons as had offended against these rights of the subject.*"

The right having been thus acknowledged and established as firmly, we repeat it, as the right to the throne itself, we come to the application of it to a recent instance. Amidst the *Cimmerian* darkness with which the *wise plans* of our *ministers*, and the *convention-making talents* of our generals, had obscured our political horizon for so long a time, the inhabitants of the metropolis were suddenly

surprised into a momentary state of exultation by the firing of park guns, ringing of bells, &c. which were formerly the harbinger of victories, but had lately grown rusty from disuse. The delusion lasts but one short day, and then

"It slides away, and vanishes to air."

Victory itself fades away before the distressing news that the glory of our army and of the empire has been compromised by another d——d thing called a *convention*, (the word should be henceforth blotted out of all English dictionaries) honorable only to the conquered enemy. Let us suppose, for an instant, that a man returns to his house, which he had left locked up, finds the street door open, and sees a gang of thieves carrying off his goods. What should we think of this man's politeness, if he were not only to stand with his hat in his hand till the thieves had taken out as much as they chose, but also to offer them his cart and horses to

carry them away? What could we say but that there is not a *politer* man in the world, except the *convention-mongers of Cintra.*

One general burst of shame and indignation pervaded the metropolis, and spread thence like wildfire throughout the kingdom. As the roaring of the Tower guns, which is the voice of ministers, had plainly spoken their approbation of the conduct of these *convention-mongers*, in direct opposition to the sentiments of the whole nation, there was not the least room to infer that any inquiry was intended to be made into their conduct; on the contrary, it was rumoured that they were to be advanced to the *peerage!* The lord mayor was therefore requested to call an early court to consider of the propriety of addressing his majesty on the subject. He acquiesced, and the following address and petition, than which, in our humble opinion, none more loyal, just, proper, and necessary, was ever penned, was unanimously agreed to:—

'To the King's most excellent Majesty. The humble and dutiful Address and Petition of the *Lord Mayor*, *Aldermen*, and *Commons*, of the City of London, in Common Council assembled.

"Most Gracious Sovereign,

"We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled, most humbly approach your Majesty with renewed assurances of attachment to your Majesty's most sacred person and government, and veneration for the free principles of the British Constitution; to express to your Majesty our grief and astonishment at the extraordinary and disgraceful Convention lately entered into by the Commanders of your Majesty's forces in Portugal, and the Commanders of the French army in Lisbon.

"The circumstances attending this afflict-

ing event cannot be contemplated in British minds without the most painful emotions, and all ranks of your Majesty's subjects seem to have felt the utmost concern and indignation at a treaty so humiliating and degrading to this country and its allies. After a signal victory gained by the valour and discipline of British troops, by which the enemy appears to have been cut off from all means of succour or escape, we have the sad mortification of seeing the laurels, so nobly acquired, torn from the brows of our brave soldiers, and terms granted to the enemy disgraceful to the British name, and injurious to the best interests of the British nation.

"Besides the restitution of the Russian fleet upon a definitive treaty of peace with that power, and the sending back to their country, without exchange, so large a number of Russian prisoners; by this ignominious Convention, British fleets are to convey to France the French army and its plunder, where they will be at liberty immediately to recommence their active operations against

us and our allies. The guarantee and safe conveyance of their plunder cannot but prove highly irritating to the pillaged inhabitants over whom they have tyrannized, and for whose deliverance and protection the British army was sent; and the full recognition of the title and dignity of Emperor of France, while all mention of the government of Portugal is omitted, must be considered as highly disrespectful to the legitimate authority of that country.

"We therefore humbly pray your Majesty, in justice to the outraged feelings of a brave, injured, and indignant people, whose blood and treasure have been thus expended, as well as to retrieve the wounded honor of the country, and to remove from its character so foul a stain in the eyes of Europe, that your Majesty will be graciously pleased immediately to institute such an inquiry into this dishonorable and unprecedented transaction, as will lead to the discovery and punishment of those by whose misconduct and incapacity the cause of the country and

its allies have been so shamefully sacrificed.

"We beg to assure your Majesty of our unalterable fidelity and earnest desire to cooperate in every measure conducive to the peace, honor, and security of your Majesty's dominions."

To which address and petition, ministers, in their *supercilious*—we beg pardon, *superlative*—wisdom, dictated the following *gracious* answer:—

"I am fully sensible of your loyalty and attachment to my person and government.

"I give credit to the motives which have dictated your petition and address; but I must remind you, that it is inconsistent with the principles of British justice, to pronounce judgment without previous investigation.

"I should have hoped that recent occurrences would have convinced you, that I am at all times ready to institute inquiries on occasions in which the character of the coun-

try, or the honor of my arms, is concerned; and that the interposition of the city of London could not be necessary for inducing me to direct due inquiry to be made into a transaction, which has disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation."

Having thus given at length this *most humble petition and address*, and this *most gracious answer*, we shall make a few comments on what we deem to be the propriety of each. The right of petition being indubitable, surely there never could be a more proper or necessary occasion for a petition than when the whole nation was agitated with shame and disappointment, at our having been made the laughing stock of our friends as well as foes. If the people had not taken this step to inform his majesty of the true state of the case, he might never have heard it; as Sir Arthur Wellesley governed the minister, who had the ear of the king, and consequently would instil into it nothing to

the prejudice of either his patron or hims
—To petition for an inquiry into the n
carriages of expeditions, is not a novel pr
tice. In the reign of George II. (1757)
disgraceful failure of an armament sent
against the coast of France, under lieuten
general Sir John Mordaunt, occasioned
similar general disappointment and ferm
throughout the kingdom; and an addi
from the city of London, for an inquiry i
this affair, was resolved on by some of
leading men in the city; but of this reso
tion the ministers having had notice,
address was prevented as follows:—On
4th of November, 1757, at a court of co
mon council at Guildhall, a *motion was m*
*to address his majesty on the miscarriage*
*the late expedition to the coast of Fran*
and, after some debate, the lord may
was asked by a member of the court,
any information had been given to his lo
ship of an inquiry being intended to
made, touching the said miscarriage:

answer whereto, his lordship informed the court, that on Monday evening, October 31, 1757, William Blair, Esq. (one of the clerks of his majesty's most honorable privy council) came to the Mansion House, and acquainted him, that he waited on him to let him know his majesty had given proper directions for an inquiry to be forthwith made into the behaviour of the commanding officers in the late expedition against France, and the cause of the miscarriage of the said expedition, and that such inquiry would be carried on and prosecuted with the utmost expedition and vigour. Upon this, after some short debate, the motion was withdrawn. This *condescension* of his majesty, or, as we should rather believe, adroit manœuvre of his ministers, alone prevented the address; but, in the present case, there was no such royal condescension, or adroitness in ministers, who preferred to insult the whole nation, in the body corporate of the metropolis, by a rude and indignant rebuff; and shewed they had—

"——— no sense of honor, country, king,
But centred in themselves; and us'd their master
As guardians do their wards, with shew of care,
But with intent to sell the public safety,
And pocket up their prince."

DRYDEN.

But to resume the case in point: According to the intelligence communicated as above to the lord mayor, his majesty (by his warrant, dated November 1, 1757) appointed an inquiry to be made into the failure of this expedition, by the Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, both lieutenants-general, and major-general John Waldegrave; who, after giving proper notice to all parties concerned, began their inquiry on the 12th of the same month, and concluded it on the 21st by a report, which gave no satisfaction either to the king or subject. *En similitudo! His majesty, therefore, on the third of December following, appointed a general court martial to be forthwith held,*

*for the trial of the commander in chief of the land forces employed in the expedition!*

The right of petition being therefore indubitable, and the occasion precedented and just, let us consider the propriety of the address itself. After the usual exordium of attachment to his majesty's most sacred person and government, it expresses, what every man in the kingdom felt, grief and astonishment at so extraordinary and disgraceful a convention. It is right that a king and his people should thus come to a fair understanding, that ministerial and military incapacity may not be hushed up, and the honor of the country committed with impunity. The lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, therefore, did no more than their duty, and ministers, by their petulance, discovered evident symptoms of a dread of detected inability. The second and third paragraph of the address state the reasons of the public disappointment and expectation of redress in an explicit manner, among which not the least ground is the disrespect-

ful overlooking of our allies, by a full recognition of the title and dignity of Emperor of France, while all mention of the government of Portugal is omitted. Cromwell was a hypocrite and an usurper; but they managed things better in his days. Few princes ever bore their character higher upon all occasions than Oliver did, especially in his treaties with crowned heads; and it is a thing without example, that is mentioned by one of the best historians of the age, Puffendorf, in his work, entitled "*De rebus Gestis Frederici Wilhelmini Electoris Brandenburgici*," p. 313, that in Cromwell's league with France against Spain, he would not allow the French king to call himself *King of France*, but of the *French;* whereas he took himself not only the title of *Protector of England*, but likewise of *France;* and which is yet more surprising, and hardly to be believed, but for the authority of so great an author, the protector's name was put before the French king's.

A conduct worthy of imitation! For in the public instruments of correspondence between states and kingdoms, little words and phrases are of great importance, so far as they relate to claims and titles, whose loss or preservation may, in a great measure, depend on properly wording of them.

This distinction of the *King of France*, and of the *French King*, thus nicely made by Cromwell, ought to have been studiously kept up, to assert the dignity and style of our English princes; and in all our gazettes, that monarch was constantly called the *French King*, till of late, the conducting of those papers falling into the hands of persons unskilled, or inadverted, he was afterwards called the *King of France*.

Far different was the conduct of William III. who (though wiser than the generality of the rabble of kings) was not so attentive to the dignity of the state as the Protector Cromwell; for it appears by the history of Prior's Negotiations, that before the ratification of the peace of Ryswick, on the part

of His Most Christian Majesty, a difficulty was started by the French ambassador, on the King of Great Britain using the words *Rex Franciæ*, which occasioned a warrant from his majesty to his plenipotentiaries, *for omitting the aforesaid title*, provided they could find that it had been omitted in any former treaty.—No French king would have dared to have made such a proposal to Cromwell; or, if he had, Cromwell would have made him eat the pommel of his sword before he would have signed such a complaisant warrant. If rulers are appointed solely, as, we believe, reason and history will prove, for the protection and superintendance of the people, then was Cromwell's sway as glorious as any in the British annals; and his magnanimous, and never enough to be applauded, heroic care of the superiority and dignity of this kingdom, shews that, according to Lord Clarendon's character of him, Cromwell was one of those *men quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent:* which is more than can be said,

without romancing, of nineteen out of twenty of all the generations of kings that ever

"——*Strutted and fretted their hour on the stage*"—

and then burst like *bubbles*.

Well—our *convention-mongers*, by a single dash of the pen, have acknowledged Napoleon Buonaparté, *Emperor of France*, a title which, at all events, should not have been acknowledged till a general peace, when it would have formed a concession in the treaty, for which we might have expected a something like an equivalent for ourselves, or our allies. In the name of wonder! as our generals are allowed secretaries to write their dispatches for them, why are not those secretaries men of tried abilities and diplomatic knowledge, who might keep our commanders from losing by the pen what they have won by the sword? The French have always such men with their armies, and *fas est ab hoste doceri*.—No man in his senses will deny that Buonaparté is Emperor of

France by that best of all titles, the unanimous consent of the French nation, and nothing is wanting to confirm him in that title but the acknowledgment of the British government, which should have been withheld from him, till he had shewn an inclination to lay aside his rancorous animosity towards ourselves, and to respect the governments of our allies; but Kellerman instantly discovered what shallow wits he had to deal with, and that there was more to be gained by treating, than by fighting with them; so that, upon the whole, we ought to be thankful that his *modesty* would not permit him to *dictate* terms more disgraceful to us, although, as they were, he must have had a vast command of countenance not to laugh in our *convention-mongers'* faces whilst they were signing them.

The fourth paragraph of the address *humbly* prays that his majesty will be graciously pleased to institute such an inquiry into this dishonorable and unprecedented transaction, as will lead to the discovery and

punishment of those by whose misconduct and incapacity the cause of the country and its allies have been so shamefully sacrificed. —This prayer is, as we have shewn before, precedented and proper.

Now for the minister's answer!—There could be no room for doubting the attachment and loyalty of the *address-mongers* to the royal person and government, as they had rivalled the meanest treasury borough in adulatory addresses, and trotting up to the throne on every trifling occasion. They were then welcome; but begin to grumble, and keep your distance.

It were impossible, however, not to give credit to the motives which had dictated the present petition and address, as the whole empire were actuated by the same motives—a zeal for the honor of the country!—But where was the necessity of reminding them, that it was inconsistent with the principles of British justice to pronounce judgment without previous investigation? We would ask Mr. P——l to waive all legal *quips* and *cranks*,

and tell us from what authority he gathere
that a petition for an inquiry into misconduc
and incapacity, without mentioning whos
could be construed into a judgment? If w
can read, and understand what we read, th
petition was only for an investigation previo
to a judgment to be founded on a full di
closure of facts, and so, we believe, eve
man, or even boy, in the kingdom, wou
read and understand with us, in defiance
the great legal reading and authority
Mr. Counsellor P——l. We cannot help a
tributing this part of the answer, at least,
him, because it *smells so cursedly of the sho*
It is, in point of fact, an evasion in the la
called a demurrer, which takes advantage
some little informality in the proceedings,
avoid joining an issue upon the facts: b
those narrow practices of the "*litigio*
*coifs*" should have been laid aside on a
suming the more exalted seat on the Treasu
Bench. It should be left to them to

"——————— infest the clam'rous bar,
Prolong disputes, and thrive by manag'd war."

A liberal policy would dictate that peace only will heal our gushing wounds, and the way to obtain that is to manage the war so as to make it terrible to our enemies, and not to let our very victories recoil upon our own heads. The words of the petition for an inquiry are so plain, that to mistake them for a premature judgment of any person or persons whomsoever, is a blunder of which even a counsellor's horse, without any more pretensions to legal knowledge than barely the having carried its master, with his wig, gown, &c. one circuit, would never have stumbled upon. Such, however, is our opinion of it, and we give it *without a fee!!!* As a lawyer we would ask you whether a *writ* of *inquiry* is a *judgment* before the *verdict* of *the jury* has been passed upon it? Is the *inquiry* itself, which was the sole object of the petition, now that it has taken place, a *judgment?* The answer says it is in direct terms, and yet your conscience tells you directly the contrary; make up the matter with it as you can.

The *recent occurrences* to which the answer alludes, as sufficient to have convinced the addressers that his majesty was at all times ready to institute inquiries on occasions in which the character of the country, or the honor of his arms were concerned, must mean the ignominious dismissal of another of these *convention-mongers*, Gen. W—el—ke; but so far from coinciding with his majesty's ministers, that, on that account, the interposition of the city of London could not be necessary—we think, on that very account, that it was the more necessary, as such a succession of disgraceful conventions could only be stopped by the fear of rigid investigation and public detestation. It should be remembered, that the city of London entertained too tender a respect for the royal person and family, to petition for any inquiry into the *convention of the Helder*, although they did not the less think it, and it has since proved, an example pregnant with calamities. They still think that no man ought to be entrusted with a military or naval command,

who is screened by his rank from a responsibility to the nation for his execution of it; and they wish that our affairs may henceforth be conducted by other persons, and in a directly opposite manner to what they have been moving in for some time past; but they dare not tell what they sigh for, without incurring the danger of a legal rap on the knuckles. After all, too, the answer concludes with acknowledging that the transaction had disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation. We should think him a harsh parent, who has reason to think that his children have been injured, and yet indignantly repulses them, when they throw themselves on their knees before him to request redress.

How must Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was present when the address was presented, as if to triumph in their rebuff, have chuckled within himself at its reception! It might have been food for his pride, but it spoke not much for his modesty or sense of decency; and if he had faced Gen. Kellerman as boldly,

he would never have had the face to ma
such insolent proposals, and there would ha
been no occasion for the address. So e
our comments on the *Cintra Bubble!*

# FLAT CATCHING.

Says Junót to Kellerman—"Well, you have been
"In the camp of these British—pray, what have you seen?
"Is there any weak place? Can we do aught by fighting?"
Quoth Kellerman—"No; but we'll do much by writing:
"The *generals' heads* are the only *weak place*,
"A *Convention* will shift upon them our disgrace;
"Their wit's in their swords; put a pen, 'stead of these,
"In their hands, and they'll sign just whatever we please."
"Lose no time!" quoth Junot.—Away Kellerman flies—
Catches *three full-grown flats* to the world's great surprise.
Junot cries—"If these *blockheads* could treat as they fight,
"Mon Dieu! we had been in von cursed bad plight!"
"Then *Vive la Convention!* shout all we Frenchmen;
"Vat we lose by de *sword*, we regain by de *pen*."

"Unless corruption first deject the pride
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
But soon as independence stoops the head,
To vice enslav'd, and vice-creating wants;
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
Their craving lusts with fatal bounty feeds,
They fall a willing, undefended prize.
From man to man th' infectious softness runs,
'Till the whole state unnerv'd in slav'ry sinks."

THOMSON'S LIBERTY

Now—are not we—who denominate our selves *True Britons*, ashamed of ourselves, o have not we occasion to be so, for that, w (not having the *independent spirit* of *ou forefathers* before our eyes, but being move and seduced by the instigation of the demo of degeneracy) should have set up, an should continue to bow down before so many

olden *calves* as self-interest—custom—fashion -vanity, and other regulations and longings f *polished* (as it is termed) or (as we should rm it) *poisoned* society?—After the epoch f the British Solomon, James I. when nglish love of independence slaughtered ıe monstrous *jure divino* calf, and established rational compact between sovereign and ıbjects, should we not be ashamed to find ıat the *hopes* and *expectations* of the nation ıay be defeated by incapable ministers, or ɔnvention-mongers, and that we cannot umbly petition to bring the offenders to ıstice, without having our noses snapped ff, not by the mouth of royalty, but by that f its hungry advisers?—It is true that we ıay be asked—"*What* are the noses of the rd mayor, aldermen, and commons of the ty of London, when put in competition ith the hungry stomachs of the D—— of ———, Mr. P———, Mr. C———, and her state cormorants?—Why did they rust their noses in the way?"—Why, we ıswer, that they had intruded them so often

before, on agreeable occasions, and had met with such agreeable receptions, that they had forgotten what was due to themselves—and of much greater consequence than themselves—the people—as well as the old proverb—that *familiarity breeds contempt*. Their lips have been so glued to the royal hands, that it is said his m——y can distinguish every pair *blind-folded*. All this was very well—sovereigns are never to be cloyed with sweets; but, in evil hour, the demon of discord, jealous of these kiss-hand farces, assumed the form of a fun-loving fellow, ycleped Harlequin W—thm--n, and, with a lath sword, or linen-draper's yard, (history does not specify which) so muddied the faculties of the *suck-fists*, that they absolutely marched away to B——m H——e, not with an *address*—but with a petition for *redress*.—HINC ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ!—

"It was not always thus: the time has been,
When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd off its hinges
To give me entrance here; when this good house

Has pour'd forth all its dwellers to receive me;
When my approach has made a little holiday,
And ev'ry face was dress'd in smiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwise; and those who bless'd me
Now curse me to my face."

Yes, by all that's ludicrous! the very scullions tittered—the lap-dogs of the maids of honor p--ssed against the robes of *Eastern state*, and the maids of honor themselves—

" ———— chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple."

(God forgive me if I lie—I know nothing to the contrary)—these sweet tempered souls! looked like so many *Tisiphonés* on our unfortunate knights errant.——In short, they had wandered away from their courtly routine, and received such a courtly rebuke for it, that it is confidently reported many of them never recovered from their mortification till after dinner, and six bumper toasts!—It is also rumoured, that the sly W--thm--n,

the author of this serio-comic farce of "*The Corporation in the Dumps*," should chuckle and exclaim, with all the glee of a mischievous and successful wag—"Well, if I shall not have killed the convention-mongers, I shall, at least, have cured the address-mongers and fist-slobberers of their camelion-like appetite, and restricted them to their natural and constitutional turtle diet."

It was certainly a cursed hoax; but, as the *Great Llama* of the Indians never speaks to his votaries but by mouths of his priests, so the Great Llama of the British never utters a syllable to his, but through the medium of his ministers, and they, Heaven knows, are none of the wisest upon earth. Therefore, my good lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, be comforted—JOVE's anger is but the momentary impulse of his lying *Mercuries;* they will soon vanish into *airy nothings*, or vapoury lordlings, whilst you will be *substantial somethings;* you will ride in city pomp, when P—rtl—d shall lie beneath his kindred stone; you will devour

plum-pudding, when death shall have overruled all the demurrers of P—rc—l; and glut on calipash and calipee, when C—nn—g's last epigram shall have lost its point——Yes; —all things have an end, and so will shortly —very shortly—these *fungi*, who have, for the present, rendered the r--y--l fingers unpleasant to your lips;—ye may then again lick the dust from the footstool of the th—e, and astound the crowd of gaping fools with your monthly processions. Ye are not the only ones who have been so unfortunate as to have laboured under the r--y--l frown, and if you were, the disease is not mortal. Hold up your heads, therefore, and give the lie to that blinking courtier, (lord P--mf--t) who had once the ignorance and audacity to say, in the House of Lords, that "however swaggering and impudent the behaviour of the ow citizens might be on their own dunghill, vhen they came into the royal presence, their ieads hung down like bullrushes, and they ilinked with their eyes like owls in the sunhine."—This fellow was so fond of the dung-

hill, that he certainly must have spri
it, and the grossness of his ideas bet
baseness of his origin. Mr. Beckfor
ever, told a very different story at c
played the eagle instead of the owl,

> " Fac'd the glaring sun, and tow'r'd on h
> And bore the rattling thunder thro' the sk

" Whoever," said he, " has alread
or shall hereafter endeavour, by false
tions and suggestions, to alienate y
jesty's affections from your loyal su
general, and from the city of Lo
particular, and to withdraw your cc
in and regard for your people, is a
to your majesty's person and family,
tor of the public peace, and a betray
happy constitution, as it was estab
the glorious and necessary revolu
The courtiers were the *blinking ow*
and would always be so, was there
ford in the city chair. So uncourtly a
in the presence of their master, stru
all dumb; and one should have thou

such a lesson would have deterred any other minister from checking the citizens of London when petitioning for redress; but, alas! Beckford is no more. But ye have not been half as scurvily treated by the minister of the present day, as your predecessors were by the *ostensible* minister in Mr. Beckford's day, or by the *real one* behind the curtain, who was a bit of a Scotch wag. They thought fit to preface a speech by acquainting the commons, that the distemper among the *horned cattle* had lately broke out in the kingdom; from which it was inferred by some, who gave them credit for more wit than perhaps they were entitled to, that they meant to insinuate nothing more or less than that the *itch* of *grumbling* had lately broken out among the *cuckoldy* citizens!!!

Poor souls! why did ye employ those simpletons, the city remembrancer, town-clerk, or other officer or officers, to prepare your address, when you ought to have known that they had not enough in them of that political virtue, *hypocrisy?* How came ye

to suffer yourselves to be bubbled by *Waith man's* vociferation into incurring the roya check?—A mere daub at court plaisterin would have handled his trowel somewhat i the following smooth manner:—

"May it please, &c.

"That we, &c. do highly approve o and congratulate your Majesty on the *famou* convention of Cintra, which has put th *finishing stroke* to the British arms, and o the choice of your Majesty's ministers, wh have so ably planned the expedition, selecte such brave and sage generals and conve tionalists, and brought the war in Portug to so *glorious* a termination, as hath ast nished the whole world! It is with the utmo abhorrence and indignation that we he some discontented grumblings, and a factio set of men daily preaching up among us th detestable and pernicious doctrine of *sal populi suprema lex*, which we hold to downright *jacobinical*, and more conformal to the practice of our *rebellious* ancest

than of your Majesty's present most loyal, humble, and dutiful subjects, who would not, like them, at an infinite expence of blood and treasure, by asserting their rights and privileges, and consulting the independence and happiness of their posterity, cause any discontent or uneasiness in their gracious Sovereign. On the contrary, we do, in the most humble, dutiful, and loyal manner, solemnly protest and declare, that we never will resist a lawful Sovereign, for the above-mentioned, or any other causes whatever, but will hoot and hiss down, as *jacobins*, and even venture our lives and properties against such of our fellow-subjects, as imagine they have a right to stand up for their just rights, liberties, and privileges."

This was the language to have carried to market: Ye would then have returned into the city with a breath of royal approbation right in your sterns, to the no little increase of your appetites to dinner, and to the mor-

tification, even to fasting, of Waithman his *jacobinical* crew.—It was in vain that council vented their spleen in resolving, "
their address and petition was conceived in most dutiful and respectful terms; that the undoubted right of the subject to petit and that this right at all times ought t freely exercised, in all matters of pu grievance, without obstruction or repr that they are therefore at a loss to know what construction of their said petition, h ever strained or perverted, his majesty's visers could attribute to them any inten or desire *to pronounce judgment without vious investigation.*—That they are equ at a loss to know why his majesty's adv have deemed it necessary to remind them *it was inconsistent with the principle British justice*, unless to throw an unme odium on this corporation, and raise a ba between them and the crown, on all occa where their object is free and constituti inquiry.—That had this court refrained expressing to his majesty their feelings a

humiliating termination of the campaign in Portugal, they must have ceased to think—to feel—to act as Britons, and have shewn themselves unsusceptible of that patriotism, so essentially necessary for the preservation of their liberties—the maintenance of their national honor—and the independence and security of his majesty's crown and dominions.—That they cannot, therefore, sufficiently express their concern, that they should, by any suggestion, have met with obstruction and reprehension in the exercise of this undoubted and invaluable right.—That they particularly regret that his majesty should have been advised to express a hope *that recent occurrences would have convinced them that his majesty is at all times ready to institute an inquiry on occasions in which the character of the country, or the honor of his arms, is concerned; and that the interposition of the city of London could not be necessary for inducing his majesty to direct due inquiry into a transaction which had disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation.*—

Because it appears that, during the eventful period of the last fifteen years, various enterprizes and expeditions have been undertaken, in which *the character of the country and the honor of his majesty's arms were concerned*, which have grievously failed and *disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation*, and into which *due inquiry* has not been made.—That, in one of the recent occurrences to which his majesty's answer refers, it is not known, even at the present moment, by whose advice the commander in chief was appointed, or on what account such commander was selected.—That, during all these calamitous events, and wasteful profusion of blood and treasure, the public burthens have been patiently borne, and his majesty has not been called upon by *the interposition of the city of London* (if their humble supplication must be so termed) to institute inquiries into the failures; although it appears to them that such *interposition* might have been highly necessary and beneficial to the country, and, by promoting *due inquiry*,

precluded the necessity of their late application.—That, during these unhappy reverses, and while his majesty's subjects submitted to so many privations, the most shameful and scandalous abuses and peculations have prevailed, into which *due inquiry* has not been made, so as to bring to justice such great public delinquents.—That whoever advised his majesty to put so unfavourable and unwarrantable a construction on their late petition, has abused the confidence of his sovereign, and is equally an enemy to his majesty, and the just rights of his people.—That they do not attribute guilt to any one; much less do they pronounce judgment without previous investigation. They ask for investigation, prompt and rigid investigation, and the punishment of guilt wherever it may be found."——It was in vain, we repeat, that ye vented your spleen in these strains;—alas! ye had no *Beckford* to give them tongue, and ministers are not fools enough to suffer such *truths* to offend their master's eye, lest

he should suspect that they were not quite so clever, and matters were really not going on so well as they would wish him to believe. ——Do not content yourselves with grumbling in your *Common-Hall*, nor suffer any minister to *browbeat* you out of your rights, as witnesses are frightened out of their senses by some *arrogant lawyers*. Persevere! and, whenever the cause demands it, inflexibly maintain your privilege of addressing the throne, speaking out your grievances, and requesting redress.—Remember, in particular, those of your representatives, who have supported ministers in measures, of which you have marked your disapprobation, and, at the next election, show as much contempt for their solicitations of support, as they have evinced for your instructions and interest. Be true to the trust devolved to you from your brave ancestors, and be faithful guardians to posterity. If ye did but rightly appreciate the character of those courtiers, who conceit that they can frown you out of

countenance, (and of which we have endeavoured to assist you in forming a proper idea) ye would estimate it at just so much as it is worth—an *honest man's contempt.*——See how that manly character, Cobbett, threatens to beard such squinting, frowning, bugbear adversaries!—

"If *no one at all join me*, and if no requisition be made from any other quarter previous to the 15th of October, I MYSELF will then make the requisition; and, if a meeting be not thereby obtained, I will then present, IN MY OWN NAME, and in MY OWN PERSON, if it be possible, a petition to the king, for the purpose above mentioned"—(an inquiry into the ignominious convention of Cintra).

COBBETT.

What a thundering fellow this Cobbett must be! He openly advertises for a certain number of associates, and swears, that if not one join him, he will *beset* the palace in his own person.——Let us pray:—

God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King;
God save the King!—
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord, our God arise!
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
God save the King!

All loyal Britons surely will appear in arms, to prevent this dragon of Wantley—no Botley, from swallowing up our gracious king.—Do not despair. As our glorious patron, St. George, overthrew the dragon of Wantley, why may not our glorious sovereign, George, throttle this desperate fanged dragon of Botley. He wages war like a game cock in a battle royal—defies all, and has at all. Placemen, pensioners, contractors, jobbers, lordlings, witlings, borough-mongers, the host of public defaulters and dilapidators;—

he hangs them up all indiscriminately on a gibbet, as a kind of *memento*, or *weekly register* of the sacrifices which he offers up to the indignation of his injured and insulted country. Easy it is to assume the *patriotic cant*—a plenteous dictionary of which may be picked up from the *slang* speeches of E—e, F—x, Sh——n, B—e, G—y, C——g's epigrammatic fictions, and B——s's fictitious prose; and many are the traitors, who, disguised as *True Britons*, (wolves in sheep's cloathing) have more than once persuaded many of

"——————— the herd confus'd,
The miscellaneous rabble ——"

that they were the people's bravo; but have dropped into hireling ministerial tools on the very first opportunity. The people, however, have been illuminated in their darkness, and, we sincerely trust, will never want a *faithful and vigilant sentinel* in Cobbett. A volume of dark deeds has been already opened for public inspection; but more than the original

*Sybilline* number remain to complete the black story. Let us henceforth look to actions, not words. Placemen would ever be thought the champions of their country; and the present set take more credit to themselves than the modesty of merit would allow, from merely spouting out cries of *No Jacobinism! —No Popery!*—This scheme exactly answers their ends, of filling their own pockets, although at the expence of paralyzing the strength, and wasting the marrow, bones, and nerves of the country. To bolster up the evidence of their patriotism, they lavish the most gross abuse against Buonaparté, who is an antagonist deserving the opposition of men of talent and courage, and not to be frightened by the *slang of Billingsgate.* As the boy once said:—

*"My mother whips me, and I whip the top."*

So the OUTS *whip the* INS, *and they whip Buonaparté.*

But these *disinterested* gentlemen might as well take care that they do not put a rod

in pickle for their own backs:—A British public is easily deceived, from their generous nature, which will not suffer them to disbelieve a man's word, till they have proved it to be not worth a farthing; but common sense effects that for them which nature does for puppies, and opens their eyes in nine days, *more or less*. They have lately witnessed so many of their evolutions to the right—to the left—to the right about—to the left about;—and so many progressive, retrograde, and oblique movements, and mutual charges against each other—that they are apt to fancy they see in them only knaves moving, mechanically as it were, at the impulse of *self-interest*. The word *patriot*, in such mouths, smells as strong as the scent which a fox leaves behind it; and such men are proper game for the public, who have need of some kind of sport to make them forget their troubles.

We have no doubt that Cobbett would have redeemed his pledge, if the necessity had not been happily prevented by the good

sense and general concurrence of the freeholders of Hampshire; but he, perhaps, with all knowledge of state tricks, would have been scarcely aware of the peril into which the attempt would have brought him. The meanest scullion in the royal service is interested in the defence of *good old customs*, as the *loaves and fishes* are denominated by those in the secret.

Pray, Mr. Cobbett, how much might you imagine that every discharge of the Tower and Park guns, on a rejoicing day, may cost the nation? How much, say you?—Twenty—forty—sixty pounds at the farthest?—Above *five* hundred pounds! Every domestic in the royal service claims an allowance of beef, and two bottles of wine; the former of which articles have been known to have been retailed by them at five-pence per pound, when the market price for similar joints has been nine-pence or ten-pence.—Yes, Mr. Cobbett, you must have had a heart cased in a, triple plate of brass, to have run the gauntlet through such ranks; but—

" Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
COBBETT, pharetrâ ;—"

Perhaps, the *Cock and Cryer* might have endeavoured to blow you up, or cry you down. You may be unacquainted with the nature of this important office too: It is held by a coal-merchant in Petty France, whose bounden duty it is to go one morning in every year to Whitehall, and crow Cock-a-doodle-doo, thrice!!! For this important trust (established ever since the time of Charles I. perhaps from some signal made in vain to that unfortunate king) the officer receives forty pounds a year—and, it is to be presumed, claims perquisites as well as the rest. —Thus, from the roaring of the Tower guns, to the shrill crowing of the cock,

*We bleed—bleed—bleed—and bleed at ev'ry pore;*
*And shall still bleed, till we can—bleed no more.*

But it is now time to leave Cobbett to do his own work, (which we do with a hope that he will persevere in his present manly conduct) and return to our own. Generous minds will often brook an injury—seldom an insult. When Sir Thomas Fairfax offered a petition to Charles I. being on his knees, and the king on horseback, the horse threw Sir Thomas on his back in the dirt;—whether through the king's means or not is not certain; but he rode off immediately, without taking the least notice of either the petition, or petitioner. What a dreadful foe the king afterwards found in Fairfax, is too well known to need repetition.

Ever since Mrs. Clarke excited the risible muscles of the House, every motion has been entertained with laughter. For instance, in Mr. Windham's speech on the motion for the committal of the *Animal's Cruelty Prevention Bill*, (as reported in Bell's Weekly Messenger of Sunday, June 18th, 1809) we read thus at different intervals:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 *(A Laugh)* | 4 *(A Laugh)* | 7 *(Laughter)* |
| 2 *(Hear)* | 5 *(Laughter)* | 8 *(A Laugh)* |
| 3 *(A Laugh)* | 6 *(A Laugh)* | 9 *(A Laugh)* |

This must have been, indeed, a most laughable speech—more so than that famous one, which all must remember, of *bull-baiting memory*. We could be well content, *at seasonable intervals*, to be relieved from the dull, stale trash of a newspaper, by some of those *drolleries*, as the jests of the merry-andrew takes off the *tædium* of the professional gravity of the mountebank doctor; we could laugh when *Castlereagh* calls *horses* his *countrymen*, and claims *kindred* with *brutes;* but, on grave subjects, on which the happiness of millions depends, we should be glad to hear *more sense* in *fewer words*. Particularly, we cannot approve of laughter when a member terms the present attempts of certain patriotic members to bury the *stinking offal of corruption, outrageous virtue*. But we hope that the *friends to their country* will not be *buffooned* out of their *honesty*, any more

than the jesters on its privileges are to be shamed out of their knavery.—To use the expression of the *immortal Nelson*;—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY." He is a traitor to her who suffers himself to be either *frowned* or *laughed* out of his *duty*.

## NATIONAL PILLARS.

(An Epigram from *Canynge's* Chest.)

SAYS *Hal*, a placeman,—"What vile stuff
Your *Jacobins* are canting
About reform;—we're well enough,
In spite of W--rd--e's ranting:
King, lords, and commons, jurymen,—
Will not all this content ye?
Such *pillars* have we"—"Yes," cries Ben,
"And *cater-pillars* plenty."

"—— And Jacob sod pottage; and Esau came from the field; and he was faint:

—— And Esau said to Jacob: Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom.

—— And Jacob said: Sell me this day thy *birthright*.

—— And Esau said: Behold, I am at the point to die; and what profit shall this *birthright* do to me?

—— And Jacob said: Swear to me; and he sware unto him; and he sold his birthright unto Jacob.

—— Then Jacob gave Esau *bread* and *pottage* of *lentiles*, and he did eat, and drink, and rose up and went his way: *thus Esau despised his birthright*."

GENESIS, c. XXV, v. 29, and seq.

IF *Edom* was the Hebrew term of reproach for a man who sold his birthright to fill his maw, in those days, it has long ceased to be so in these days, when we are overrun by *Edomites*, who have sold the country to ministers, and themselves to the devil; for we cannot believe that any less punishment

awaits a traitor to his country, which is the highest species of all treasons.

There was a time when members of parliament received a daily pay, whilst on duty, from their constituents; of which Andrew Marvel is the last example on record. These gentlemen then acknowledged themselves the servants of their constituents, and would adopt no very important measure without having previously consulted with, and been instructed by them. In the reign of King Edward III. (four hundred years ago) we have two remarkable instances of the commons refusing new subsidies without consulting with their constituents. In the licentious days of Charles II. we meet with many addresses from counties, cities, and corporations, not only thanking their members for their past conduct, in bringing the authors of bad advice to condign punishment, and asserting their undoubted right of petitioning, but also exhorting them to persevere in the same laudable endeavours; requesting them not to consent to any money-bill till their



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grievances should be redressed; and promising to stand by them, in the pursuance of these ends, with their lives and fortunes. This firmness of the people put the court upon the diabolical device of bribing the members with part of their spoils of their constituents, and then began that system of corruption, whose weight now threatens to drag the nation into the abyss of bankruptcy, if not to annihilate its existence as a nation. Many members of Charles II.'s long parliament were men of broken fortunes, and lived upon their privileges and pensions. It was a maxim with them that they must not give the king too much at a time, lest he should have no more occasion for them; so they were to take care not to starve the court, lest they themselves should be starved by the same means. A list of the pensioners of this long parliament was extant in 1695. The sum of £252,467 was given in bribes in less than three years, besides other vast sums expended in dinners by Coplestone, Wiseman, and other court-bre-

kers, who kept open house for that purpose, where each rascally member found under his plate so many guineas as it was thought his days drudgery had merited. It has also come to light that, in Charles II.'s next parliament after the long one, nine members had received in bribes £3,400, and that the sum of £12,000 had been given or lent to others. Eighteen pensioners in parliament were discovered in 1679, viz. two at £1,000 a year; six at £500; two at £400; four at £300; and four at £400; besides nine others who had received unknown sums from this perjured king. These were not only to vote for the court themselves, but to use all their interest to bring over others. But this was mere petty larceny—cakes and gingerbread to the wholesale dealing of more modern times!!!

The immediate advisers of William III. persuaded him, that the same system of bribery was necessary to the support of his title; and even in those days, when liberty and patriotism were at their height, there

was a general outcry against bribery and corruption. There was room for it indeed! The East India Company was convicted of bribing the lord president, the speaker of the house of commons, and *the king himself!*—(Could all the vases of diamonds, or inlaid ivory bedsteads of the Indies, bribe his present majesty?—Perish the thought!) But the mischief did not end there. The corporation of London was convicted of corrupting the members of the lower house, as well as some peers. So general was the contagion, that the highest officers in the arms practised low and knavish tricks to defraud in their accounts. Colonel Hastings was cashiered for his roguery; and so iniquitous were the proceedings of the agents and contractors, that, when called upon, they refused to produce their books.

Queen Ann's ministers thought proper to continue the same peddling game; but it was reserved for Walpole, who made the famous assertion that, "*every man had his price*," to reap the glory of completing the

organization of this system. Under his magic wand, the government became a government of venality and corruption—the balance of the three estates was broken and destroyed—the king, lords, and commons were united into one indivisible body. It was no longer a contest between different candidates for the crown; or between the crown and parliament; or between lords and commons; for king, lords, and commons were embodied into one great political phalanx against the people. Their interests, views, and habits, were precisely the same. The ministers did every thing; the laws were planned in the cabinet, and registered in the parliament. The ministers were lavish to those who did their *dirty jobs* without murmuring; the commons would not be so blind as to oppose those ministers, who paid them profusely out of those very supplies they raised upon their constituents; and the lords were not so sottish as to quarrel with those tax gatherers, and tax distributors, of whose extortions they partook so liberally.

Thus the king was the head of his ministers, they directed his parliament, and those again prescribed laws to the people; and under this united virtuous association, was seen the political millennium, or reign of the just upon earth.

In Charles II.'s time, we find that those complaisant rogues, the pensioners, were styled the court, and their opponents, the country party. The struggles of the latter, backed by the popular, just, indignation against the despicable Stuarts, produced, what is termed, the glorious revolution of 1688, and a glorious one it would be, if the privileges, which it was to have insured to the people, had never been infringed upon; but all things human have a tendency to decay.

The country party then assumed the denomination of *the Whigs*, as did the court party that of *the Tories*, of the derivation of both of which titles we are at this day left in the dark, nor does it matter; since any absurd epithets will serve for parties.

These titles are now expressed by the *Outs* and *Ins* of office; and the terms are appropriate to their designs, which are only a struggle for power and profit. The Whigs, however, still affect their old style, in hopes to retain the credit of the revolution of 1688, although they have wholly lost every trace of that patrotic virtue which brought it about. We, therefore, consider Whiggism as extinct.

Let us now trace these Court and Country, Tory and Whig, In and Out parties through all their serpentine windings, turnings, twistings, twinings, jugglings, and strugglings, and see what they will amount to in the end. Though King William certainly came to the throne through the Whig interest; yet was he, during the whole of his reign, under Tory influence; and, had it not been for the Whigs, the Tories of those days would have replaced some part of the chains from which we had just been freed. In Queen Ann's time, the Whigs were headed by the duke and duchess of Marlborough, though it is

now well known that they were most strongly attached to the persons of the abdicated family.—Yet such was the caprice of party and politics, that they formed the sword and shield of the Whig interest, acted upon revolutionary principles, and conquered in a revolutionary cause.

There can now be very little doubt that Harley, the first earl of Oxford, was a staunch Whig at heart, as appeared by the casting vote which he gave, when the Hanover succession was settled.—Yet he kept fair with the Tory party, and reposed on the treasurer's staff. Bolingbroke was first a Tory; but, experiencing some disappointments, he became so violent a Whig, that, being threatened with the arm of power, he exiled himself. Some time after, having received a promise of oblivion, he came back, and would have resumed Toryism; but, finding the door to royal favor for ever barred against him, he again left his country. Sir Robert Walpole was a Tory when he was at the head of administration, and Sir

William Wyndham was a Whig when out of it. Yet the former rose by the services which he did to the Whigs; while the latter, at one time, endangered his life by his connexions with the Tories.

Upon Sir Robert's resignation, affairs took a new turn. In less than six months afterwards, the whole system of popular thinking and reasoning upon parties was fundamentally overthrown. The words *constitution*, *patriotism*, *public spirit*, and such like expressions, with which Bolingbroke and the other *State Quacks* used to work such wonders upon the minds of two-thirds of the nation, lost all their magic; and, hated as the late minister was, the most sensible part of the public began to believe, that his schemes of government were at least as *honest*, and much more practicable than those adopted by his successors in power. The effect was, that Englishmen were in danger of losing all reverence for government; all ideas of civil subjection were almost abolished; an open resistance to authority was every where

talked of, and in many parts of the kingdom actually took place. His majesty was more than once obliged to recommend it from the throne to his parliament, to fall upon methods to restore the tranquillity of the public, and to prevent the frequent acts of robbery and murder of every kind, that every day shocked humanity. It was too evident that the root of all these enormities lay in that disrespect which the common people had conceived for their superiors, who, though armed with power, were not invested with authority. Examples of virtue were wanting, and all confidence between the governing and governed was upon the point of being destroyed. Such was the deplorable state of this country, when Mr. Pelham took the helm; and, throwing the Tories on one side, and the Whigs on the other, he steered the public vessel so direct a course, that party seemed almost annihilated, and the public wounds in a state of healing, when he died. William Pitt (afterwards earl of Chatham) began his career with the Whigs, and on the death of

the late king, was obliged to give way to lord Bute, a red-hot Scotch Tory, and (strange as it may seem !) a relative favourer of the banished Stuarts.

His unpopular measures, and particularly his *gross preference* to his countrymen, roused the public indignation, which drove him behind the throne, whence he still continued to move the succeeding administrations, until the Whigs again resumed the ascendency; first under the marquis of Rockingham, and next under Mr. Pitt; who, accepting the title of earl of Chatham, lost all his popularity, and did not long survive it. The duke of Grafton and his successor lord North were rank Tories, and to the half-witted measures of the latter were owing the disturbances in America, and a civil war which he knew not how to conduct. He was, therefore, obliged to give way to Rockingham and the Whig party, amongst whom was the Hon. Charles James Fox, who set out a Tory; but, having been lurched by lord North, turned his face to Whiggism.

The death of Rockingham having dissolved this concern, the Tory, lord Shelburne, was nominated his successor, and the Whigs threw up their offices. North and Fox, the two leaders of the Tories and Whigs, now formed that political monster, a *coalition*, and forced out Shelburne; but their very first, the notorious East India Bill, was fraught with such danger both to the crown and country, as to give a fair sample of what might be expected from such an unnatural combination, and they were dismissed *sans ceremonie*. William Pitt (second son of the earl of Chatham) then took the reins. He was deemed a Tory from his connexions with many aristocratic families; but it may be very justly doubted, as he elevated the mercantile and manufactoring interests to a pitch hitherto unknown, even in this seat of trade and commerce, and lifted more commoners from their shops into the house of lords, than any twenty ministers together had ever done before him. Fox and his party, however, affecting to retain the appellation of

Whigs, or revolutionists of 1688, bestowed on the premier the epithet of *the Tory;* but he proudly kept them at bay during twenty-two years, (the small space of the Addington administration, if such it deserves to be called, only intervening) when death closed his career, and so weakened his party, that the *soi-disant* Whigs rushed into the treasury bench, and quietly seized upon every seat. Here, however, they soon out-toried Toryism, and not only trod in the steps of Billy Pitt, the Tory, but even attempted to exceed him in that practice which they had been for years abusing; namely, an extension of the excise laws. Aware of the royal disapprobation, and of the declension of their popularity, which alone supported them, and having brought themselves to the dilemma of a choice between the crown and the public, they ventured their stake upon the latter, and were dismissed by the former, although they would have retracted, aye, and contracted for any thing to keep their places:

but their doom was sealed, and the Hon. Spencer Perceval erected the banners of Toryism and High Church over these fallen desperadoes, who immediately had the effrontery to resume the long abused title of Whigs.

"Driven from court, they again became the people's friends."

*Sed credat Judæus.*

Having thus traced all these *State Quacks*, down to the present time, let us now see what their *nostrums* will cost the nation. A national debt of £800,000,000, bearing an annual interest of *eighty millions*, in addition to the current expences of a war with all Europe, and a corrupt domestic establishment; to meet all which, we have a *ruined commerce*, being excluded from America and the whole continent of Europe, and the liberty of chaunting '*God save the King*' and '*Rule Britannia*', till our lungs ache as badly as our hearts.

Rule, Britannia! Rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves,
Though ever fools, and dupes to knaves.

May God, of his infinite mercy, for ever confound both *Whigs* and *Tories*, and send us some *Oakhampton members* to dispel the shades of corruption, and preserve to us the ghost of freedom, if we cannot obtain the substance. Or rather, may the God, who gave us liberty with life, make us truly sensible of the invaluable gift, and ashamed to let a little, and once rotten borough, show us the way to an emancipation from ministerial fetters. Let the representatives be sent free of expence, and they will become what they were, and ought to be—the servants of their constituents. If one of them were then to refuse to listen to the voice of his constituents, and still dare to keep his seat as their representative, let him be branded as an infamous barterer of the public rights for his own solitary interest—as another—"*Cacus Aventinæ*

*timor, atque infamia sylvæ!*" On the contrary, heap honors, and if the case require it, riches too, on the WARDLES, and really independent, honest guardians of the public weal. The traitors will feel the cutting distinction; there will be less temptation to the treason, when probity will be honorably distinguished and rewarded; and it will be readily allowed, that it would be infinitely preferable for the service of the people to bestow their own bounty by subscription, than to continue the practice of making *State Quacks* their *alms-givers*. No longer pursue the will o' th' wisp idea of a parliamentary reform by parliament itself. Reform yourselves;—resume your rights over your servants, which you have lost by making too free with them:—command in a manner to show that you will be obeyed, or they shall be dismissed. Enough will be proud of managing your concerns under your superintendance, and it is only the unjust steward who shrinks from the eye of his employer.

The horde of possessionary and reversionary moles may deprecate an inquiry into all the abuses that have occurred during the last half century, as *the means of keeping alive the present ferment in the public mind on the subject of abuses:* every true Briton must wish the ferment to be kept alive, till the only effectual emollient has been applied, or, at least, till the next general election shall give them an opportunity of electing *skilful doctors*, and ejecting with contempt all *state quacks*. Let us have no more *camphor bags* —no more *sedatives*.—Awake, ye sleepers! The natural dissolution of parliament is yet far distant; but keep your eye upon it; be resolute in your design of wiping away the foul disgrace, which has for so long time attached to the noblest *prerogative* you enjoy —the election of the representatives. Suffer not the dread of expence to keep men of talents and integrity from coming forward; on the contrary, encourage such to offer themselves. One general and virtuous exertion of your undoubted privilege, would,

in a great measure, remove all your complaints—at least, the ground work of them; and the superstructure of abuse must incontinently follow. Complain not, therefore, of your ailments, when your remedy is in your own hands. Say but that you will be sound, and ye must be so. The late proceedings are before you, and so are the lists of the members of parliament, who voted for and against the redress of your grievances: separate the unsound sheep from the sound ones; the cure is performed!

Trust not to *septennial* promises; they are forgotten ere you have given the power out of your own hands *seven minutes*. They pay them all with the *smoke* which the Italian author, *Boccalini*, mentions in his *Advices from Parnassus*. The mercenary band, who have been the chief agents in the ruinous business, treat this picture of affairs as chimerical; they *will* not see that times are so bad as they are represented; nay, as they are *felt* to be by all but themselves. This sea of trouble is, in their opinion, far preferable to

that halcyon state, for the return of which every honest and industrious man sincerely prays. Habituated to low chicanery, possessing an interest in creating disorder, and reaping a plentiful harvest from the general confusion, the pressure of the state is to them a scene of festivity; its groans their music; and, like thieves, attending on a shipwreck, they gather spoils from the public distress. This has been long the *philosopher's stone* used in the profession of *political alchymy*, and the *transmutation of metals* has never been practised with more success than in *modern elections*. When a man once contracts a habit, he scarcely ever leaves it off.

## THE DYING USURER.

OLD *Three-Blue-Balls*, as griping knave,
As ever lent on pledge,
At last found one leg in the grave,
The other on its edge.

The priest was summon'd to attend
For his last consolation;
Pray'r done—the cer'mony to end,
The priest made preparation.

The sacramental cup was brought,
And *Gripus* ey'd it round;
"The pattern's old," cried he, "ill wrought—
"I'll lend—I'll lend—a pound."

Our *political Gripusses* have shewn, by long experience, that they will never turn off their *bad habits* whilst by force or fraud they can retain them; and, therefore, it is high time to turn off them.

The superb mausoleum of the constitution has been forced open, and notwithstanding all the ministerial carving, gilding, veneering,

lishing, and furbishing on the outside, the
ide was found to contain stench, rottenness,
l corruption. Remove the meretricious
ament, and clean it out; it will again
ome the admiration of the world, and
pride of Britons; destroy the altar of
ruption on which the right and comforts
the people have been so long immolated,
l the once famed old English hospitality
y again return. At present, all is chur-
and selfish from the pressure of the times,
more tax-gatherers than friends or ac-
intance knock at our doors. How truly
y our chimnies exclaim with chimney A,
he Spanish dialogues, to its neighbour B
' It is all over with me, my dear neigh-
r; the Lares, my protecting gods, now
ze by my hearth, and the same chillness
s myself from head to foot!"—But see
t clouds of warm, dainty smoke evapo-
from the public purse through the chim-
of the Buckinghams, Grenvilles, Wel-
ys, &c. Even Col. Gordon, should he
n with his house at Chelsea, may afford

to keep up a tight, little, decent smoke out of his *job;* and out of gratitude to the crown surveyors, who helped him to so good a bargain, he cannot do less than to ask them to warm themselves now and then. What egregious fools are the public, to imagine that court-pensioners lead an indolent life! There are not a more busy, active, industrious set of men in the creation. They must furnish themselves with lists of all the crown lands, church lands, offices, posts, employments, &c.; inform themselves who are in possession, or reversion; when there is like to be a vacancy; under whose patronage (petticoat or otherwise) they respectively are; watch for the deaths of the incumbents; flatter, fawn, and pimp for the patronesses or patrons; keep a strict eye upon all rival candidates to defeat their views; and must be as alert in their *calling* as pick-pockets.

## THE MERRY PLACEMAN.

(*A Parody on Mr. Fawcett's Song of 'The Merry Soldier'*)

"WHO wants a place?" said the premier slyly—
Flash went exchequer bills, and guineas chink'd sweetly;
"Here Master Chancellor," whispered I wilily,
"Is a lad who will answer your purpose completely:"
My father was a commons' man, and well he knew his trade,
Of conscience, or such trifling things, he never was afraid:
He'd mouth, scoff—pair off,
Move, vote,—by rote,
Just like trenches—storm the benches,
Over-reach—with long speech,
Make a clatter—without matter,
And, like him, I found a parl'ment life, if taken smooth and rough,
A very merry, hey down derry, sort of life enough.

"Ready your jaws," said the premier at drill—
Flash went exchequer bills, and guineas chim'd loudly!
"Say *Aye* when I smile, and *No* when I frown"—"I will:"
For a well fill'd purse the premier flash'd so proudly;

My father died when pensioner, but I ne'er turn'd my back,
Until a placeman grown, in the *loaves and fishes* I'd a snack:
Made a splash—cut a dash,
Jeer'd whig—talk'd big,
Without sense—mood or tense,
Spain, France—loan, finance,
Balance, pow'r—by th' hour,
Till I'd done the thing securely, then who but I so bluff,
Led a very merry, hey down derry, sort of life enough.

Our luckless premier got himself into disgrace,
Yet flash went exchequer bills, and guineas chink'd cheerily;
'Bout I put the ship, just in time to keep my place,
My quondam friends look'd blank, but I simper'd right merrily;
My father made the *public good* a pretty *private trade*,
And I'll follow his example soon as Chancellor I'm made:
Take my seat—cab'net treat,
Carve dishes—loaves and fishes,
'Mongst friends—for private ends,
Thin or thick—never stick,
Till comes souse—upper house,
Perhaps a Baron's life may prove, if taken smooth and rough,
A very merry, hey down derry, sort of life enough.

Till lately they feared not detection, imagining their phalanx so impregnable, and their ill-gotten pelf so strong a stimulus to each individual to defend the general cause, that no persons would be found hardy enough to attack them. A single man, however, (but that one man, in himself, *a host—a tower of strength)* has sufficed to break through their ranks, and, without any other *ægis* than the *honest truth*, has frightened these guilty cowards to retreat behind the old entrenchment of *custom*. It would avail a *petty thief* at the Old Bailey but little to plead that his father, grandfather, and great grandfather had all been thieves before him; it seems, however, that there is another measure for *wholesale thieves;* but we are of opinion with that judge who observed that it would tend more to further the ends of justice to hang one villain with ruffles, than ten shirtless rogues. It is seldom, indeed, that we find men making laws against themselves, or we could put Mr. Perceval in the way of making a notable addition to his bill

for the *prevention of the sale and brokerage of offices*, and also to the revenue of the country. *Let him add a clause to confiscate the whole real and personal property of any person convicted of purchasing, or selling a seat in the house of commons, or of being guilty of bribery at elections!* The country at present is sick of half-witted men, and half-witted measures. The axe should be laid to the root of corruption, or to the neck of those wretches who pollute the fountain of so glorious a constitution.

We have discovered that the cry of *Jacobinism* has been made the stalking horse from behind which corruption, taking its stand, has levelled, in security and without suspicion, at all the dearest rights and privileges of a Briton. We have seen a member of the privy council, and a treasurer of the navy, flatly refuse to account for thousands of the public money, threatening, in case the secret should be extorted from him, the disgrace should overwhelm greater rogues than himself;—we have seen supervisors of con-

s furnishing supplies themselves, and
ting their own accounts; in short, we
been nauseated with the disgusting
: of the maggots of avarice, corruption,
meretricious influence preying on the
, army, navy, church, and East India
rs; in short, where have we not seen
, and yet we have not seen a thousandth
of them. CACUS's den is no longer
lous, since Hercules Wardle has opened
v of the secrets of another den. When
emple of the constitution is become the
of thieves, it is time to overthrow the
s of the money-changers. If a minister
lowed to corrupt the representation of
people to keep himself in power, why
the right of being represented is a mere
ty, and the minister may as well be suf-
l to choose at once the whole parliament.
ed, for the questions which have gene-
employed them, it is no matter by
m chosen. The security of their pas-
s by rendering those slavish laws, the
e acts, more oppressive, scarcely ever

escapes their notice, whilst the rights of their constituents are hacked to pieces on every side, and the mangling business winked at by the majority for their share of the plunder. Mr. Perceval may plead that the treasury has always been a mart for the sale of seats in parliament to those engaging as ministerial hirelings; but, as a lawyer, he ought to know that *general warrants*, although for a long time acquiesced in *sub silentio*, were at length declared *oppressive and illegal*—when it is a question to inflict the greatest severity on such men as White and Hart, the oldest authorities are ripped up and stretched to the utmost. Mr. Perceval is the more inexcusable for any breach in the constitution, because from his former professional pursuits, he cannot infringe through ignorance. The constitution, as fixed at the revolution, and further established by the act of settlement, is too plain to admit of chicanery—too rational to be turned, like a lawyer's brief, into right or wrong—a white bear, or a black bull. Whoever runs may

read; and whoever reads cannot judge amiss. By the act of settlement it was enacted, "that no person, who hath an office, or place of profit under the king, or receives a pension from the crown, shall be capable of serving as a member of the house of commons."—This wholesome clause was afterwards repealed.—Now, as the ministerial gentry have made so much alarm against a reform of parliament, lest, by touching it, the whole constitution should tumble to pieces, we should be glad to know whether any alteration whatever can possibly be so dangerous as this lifting up of the floodgates of the house of commons, and letting in such an inundation of worse than crocodiles of the Nile?—If one hundred and fifty boroughmongers can command a majority of the house of commons, (as has been offered to be proved before the house) they hold the liberties of the people in their pockets, their tools of members being *their* representatives, and not *those of the people*, which even *Mr. Johnstone's* logic can never disprove.

"The destruction of the constitution of England will arrive," says Montesquieu, "whenever the representative shall become more corrupt than the executive." Whether the season is, or not near at hand, let the people judge from the scenes lately disclosed to them. The same writer, we think, also remarks that that is a good government which has in itself a capacity of growing better. Now there is no man so ignorant as not to know that the British government possesses that capacity in a wide extent; and they justly ascribe any attempt to impose upon them a belief that it cannot grow better to the true motives—the avarice of the ministerial tools and dependents, and the Cannings, Bowleses, Freres, Giffords, Beazeleys, and other epigrammatists, pamphleteers, and alarmists, whose only apprehensions are for their own emoluments—whose patriotism is at their fingers' ends, and never once out of their pockets, but to scribble, or to count their gains out of the public purse.

It would be ridiculous to waste time in

proving, what even ideots could be made sensible of, that by removing one of the fellest diseases, with which any constitution can be attacked, that constitution will not be rendered better; it would be equally absurd to stay to enforce that corruption in the representatives of the people is that most fell disease, since one such parliament, it is allowed on all hands, may give the *quietus* to the liberty, and, consequently, to the prosperity of Britain. It would be an equal waste of time to offer evidence that such corruption does exist in a dreadful degree, when it has been so explicitly asserted, admitted in the house of commons, although there could be very little need of such admissive proof when it is so notorious that men wholly unknown in boroughs have been elected to represent them, and, in one instance, the electors did not even know the names of the candidates, but voted for the earl of S——'s man, or my lord N——'s man; as if one should bet upon a match, who never was on a race-course in his life,

and knew neither the pedigree, figure, qualities, nor even the colour of the horse he backed. The case then is, not whether the British government has in itself a capacity of becoming better; but whether those to whose hands the bane and antidote are entrusted, will administer the one or the other. In either case it is a happiness that they must now act undisguisedly, and let their aims be public; it is a blessing that, if they will not reform themselves, the people will soon have it in their own power to *discard them, and choose other, more faithful servants.* It becomes the duty, therefore, of every elector to—

"—— *keep his eye upon the corporal,*"—

and, when giving his vote, to oppose those candidates, who have before opposed, or may be in any shape suspected from his connexions of intending to oppose, their wishes for a redress of grievances, *acknowledged to exist.* Let it be henceforth, at least, neces-

sary, if a rogue wishes to slip into parliament, that he assume the appearance of that virtue which he has not; and, if he dare to pull off the mask, reject him as a rogue on the very next occasion. It is to be hoped that parliament may have the virtue to reform themselves; if not, it is a consolation that the next election may *constitutionally* reduce them to—*mere bubbles!!!*

*Electors!* ye may then serve all double-dealers as the *Satyr* treated the *Clown*, in the following fable:—

## THE SATYR AND CLOWN.

To his rude cell a Satyr led
A Traveller with cold half dead,
And with kind welcome greeted;
Threw on the fire a pile of wood,
To thaw his guest's half congeal'd blood,
And bade him to be seated.

His tingling hands the stranger blew—
The Satyr thought it something new,
And bluntly asked the reason:
"Sir," quoth the man, "I do't to *warm*
"My fingers, chill'd by this bleak storm,
"And most inclement season."

The Satyr gave him from the pot,
A mess of porridge smoking hot,
Hot as e'er came from fuel;
He blew again—the Satyr cried—
"What's that for friend?"—the guest replied—
"Sir, 'tis to *cool* my gruel."

The host, amaz'd, exclaimed—"So, so!
"And can you *contradictions* blow?
"This moment quit my cottage!
"My honest walls shall never hold
"Such rascals as blow *hot* and *cold*—
"The devil find you pottage."

*Electors!*—we caution you not to be upon your guard against the deceit of others; your deceivers have been anatomized, and their gangrened secrets exposed to public view; we caution you against *yourselves!* Do not suffer yourselves to be wheedled out of a Briton's most invaluable privilege—*an unbiassed representation*, as a poor girl was deluded out of her dearest possession—*an unblemished reputation*, by the following artful speech of a bawd:—"You are now, my dear child, in your bloom; use it as people do their *interest at elections;* make the best market you can for yourself; for, believe me, in spite of the cant about virtue, honor, reputation, and such terms, all the good qualities on earth, when you grow old, if you have not money to back them, will hardly make interest enough for you to get into a workhouse."—You have too long witnessed similar harangues of those old bawds, the *borough-mongers*, to be misled by them; but beware of that insidious, traitorous *self-hypocrisy*, which reconciles

all manner of villany to a man's own conscience, by this *salvo*—

"*I do these things for the good of my family.*"

This is the last refuge of the *wretch*, who heaps up immense riches at the nation's expence, and accumulates unwieldy estates, by putting up the interest of his country to sale. Are not the paltry bribes, for which ye sell yourselves to a *seven years' slavery*, laid on a thousand fold on you, and your posterity, through the avarice, corruption, and ignorance of those who buy you to sell again? Will your posterity, deprived of almost every privilege, and retrenched, by burthensome taxes, of almost every enjoyment which makes life worth the having, have reason, think ye, to bless, or execrate, your memory?—That will be according as ye shall now exert yourselves. The eyes of all the world are upon you. Buonaparté himself is a hundred times more daunted by the retreat of our late commander in chief

before the dissatisfaction of an insulted spirited nation, than he would have been at the Duke of York at the head of *five hundred thousand men*, in arms.

A small fractional part of the integral abuses of public trusts have been dragged before you. They stand recorded to posterity on your national journals and records. It is there proved that rogues and prostitutes have debased royal patronage by trafficing in red coats, black gowns, and *(clamant omnes indignissimè factum!)* even in *lawn sleeves!!!* How do the straight locked methodists grin to hear that the *typical whore of Babylon employs real whores for the benefit of the clergy!*—It is proved that, notwithstanding at the commencement of each session of parliament, the house of commons act upon the laudable jealousy of their predecessors, and resolve, as appears by the journals, that no peer of the realm hath a right to give his vote for the election of any member to serve in parliament—and also

that, "it is an high infringement upon the liberties and privileges of the commons of Great Britain, for any lord of parliament, or lord lieutenant of a county, to concern themselves in the elections of members to serve in parliament;" it is proved, we repeat, that the election for Westminster, between lord Hood and lord John Townshend, the lords of the Council, Treasury, Bed-Chamber, &c. subscribed to pay the expences in proportion to their salaries; that, at a late election for the same city, the late ministry abused the public trust and treasure in a like infamous interference; and that it has been asserted in the house of commons, and acknowledged by the present ministry, that a *treasury-traffic* in boroughs has ever existed, and does still exist!—It may be seen in the Court Calendar, that during the present reign there have been created one duke, eleven marquises, thirty-eight earls, thirteen viscounts, one hundred and twelve barons, and thirty-three Irish converted into British peers

—in all two hundred and eight votes in the upper house, besides seven royal dukes, and bishops; and out of these it is proved that less than one hundred of them have possessed themselves by purchase, or otherwise, of so many burgage tenures, and rotten boroughs, as will lay one hundred and fifty members of the house of commons under their thumbs. It is proved that above three hundred other members of the house of commons are nominated by about one hundred and fifty-four individuals!—So that a majority of the *(ought-to-be)* representatives of five millions of *representable men*, (which are the least supposable number according to the late *census*) are the *representative creatures* of about two hundred of barterers of the public rights, and worse than *Promethean vultures*. It is proved that there are public *pensioners* in the house of commons to the tune of £200,000 annually, who are but ministerial hirelings, and yet the poor ignorant tinman of Plymouth, who wanted to put in for a

*job*, was then prosecuted by the present leader of the present administration *ex officio*, for that misdemeanor which he now defends *ex officio*, and we should be happy to add, *invitâ minervâ*, against the grain; but it is too often the case that *honores mutant mores*. We judge of men by their *acts*, not by their *speeches*, though some of them have possessed that essential quality, *length*, in such a degree as to have sent one half of the house to the coffee-houses, and sent the other half into such a doze that they have scarcely been able to yawn out *Hear! Hear!* when the *watchman of the party* gives the signal. When a censure is moved on the conduct of the commander in chief, Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Rose, Castlereagh, &c. cannot see any reason for it—any good it can do.—When lord Castlereagh is accused of borough-trafficing, Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Rose, &c. think no notice ought to be taken of it, because the bargain did not actually take place. When Mr. Perceval himself is charged with simi-

lar practices, he modestly bows to the house, and leaves Messrs. Canning, Rose, Castlereagh, &c. to vote him out of the scrape. When Mr. Whitbread, after adverting to the increasing influence of the crown in that house, and the absolute necessity of its speedy reduction, moved "That the house, in the course of the next session, will take into its consideration the necessity of its limiting the number of those persons who hold seats in parliament, together with emoluments and places under the crown."—The motion is negatived by Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Rose, Castlereagh, &c. although this measure would not be an *innovation*, but a *resumption* of *rights* ignobly surrendered. When a penal bill is proposed against the purchase of a sale of boroughs, which Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Rose, Castlereagh, &c. dare not openly oppose, they fritter away and *amend* the clauses till the bill itself is nugatory, and the mover and supporters are ashamed of it, and would abandon it as a child exchanged

at nurse; but those against whom its operation was intended, will have it now pass, to prevent another, and an efficacious one, from being forced upon them. When Mr. Bankes, on considering the third report of the Committee on Public Expenditure, proposed an amendment, abolishing all *unnecessary* offices, (which, perhaps, might be one third of the whole number) and reducing the amount of those performed by deputy to the amount of the allowance paid to such deputy, Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Rose, Castlereagh, and all the necessary or unnecessary placemen, voted against it. When, on the third reading of the Irish Revenue Regulation Bill, Sir I. Newport moved for the *omission* of a clause, which went to the extent of protecting all officers of the department of the Inland Excise, in their *previous corrupt practices*, from the penalties of the act of 1806, Messrs. Perceval and Co. *supported the clause*, but the majority of the house were ashamed to go to such lengths.—It is in vain, therefore,

to expect any Reform of Parliament, or of corrupt abuses, in its present state.

THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION WILL, IN ALL PROBABILITY, STAMP US FREEMEN, OR RIVET OUR CHAINS!!!

THEREFORE BRITONS EXERT YOURSELVES!!!

# THE HUMBUGS.

*(A new popular Song.)*

SINCE *humbugging* now is the rule of the day,
And *humbugs* have got all the best of the play;
Rich rogues, at their will, twirl the nation about,
To *hum* themselves *in*, some *hum* others *out:*
Sing tantararara all's *hum!*

With *speeches* of four hours' length the rogues fob us;
And their *honor* is only a crape-mask to rob us;
This world's a large hive, where to labour we're come,
But, like bees, enjoy nothing, excepting our *hum:*
Sing tantararara all's *hum!*

*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes—*
Drones fatten by robbing the honeycomb, that is;
A rogue worth a halter, shall die worth a plum,
For to talk of *Impeachment's* a very fine *hum:*
Sing tantararara all's *hum!*

A hint at *Reform* gives them mortal alarm,
As thieves dread the runners of Bow-street's long arm;
All the gang for protection round each other cling,
And, were justice not *humm'd*, all together would swing:
But 'tis tantararara all *hum!*

When another *Election* shall alter their notes,
Give the knaves hearty hisses, honest men plumper votes;
Prove the *Rights of the People* are not all a *hum*,
And make rogues dread such *beating* as *Pat gave his drum:*
And sing tantararara w'are *hum!*

END OF VOL. II.

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